Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 16.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Subscriber" who writes from Marengo Co., Ala., giving us an interesting Table of Statistics, is informed that his favor is received with thanks. He may not be aware, (as he alludes to our Tables of American Winning Horses for 1836, at 4 and 2 miles only,) that we also have given the winners at 3 miles, and next week shall probably publish the winners of one mile heats. The two combined, will enable him to make the subject matter of his communication very much more valuable, and under this impression we have omitted for the present, his very acceptable article. We need hardly remark we shall be glad to hear from him again.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* American Winning Horses, Four Mile Heats,, during the year 1835—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc, and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence*.

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses*, Three *Mile Heats*, with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe*, *Post Boy*, *Mingo*, *Rodolph*, and *Linnet*, with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Farmers in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1836, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Ninth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats*.

☞ Back numbers from the commencement of the present volume, will be furnished to new subscribers if desired. Files will also be preserved at the office for binding, at the expiration of the year, for such gentlemen as wish it.

PETE WHETSTONE ALIVE AND KICKING.

Batesville, (Ark.) May 5th, 1837.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Well, here I am, used plum up—as bad off as a small varmint in "*Sharptooth's*" grab.—Old *Sir William* cleared me out—they acted as foul as a buzzard's nest, or I would have been "in town" with my pocket full of rocks. There is no use to cry over a "lost bear," but I will make some of them think day is breaking next Fall. This here place aint much for feeding man or brute; the "green tree" finished me—I hadn't enough left to buy a half-pint. *Dry Bones* like to have had the big head; but I would have had him out, or burst a shoe-string.

Well, I have had an all sorts of a time since my last letter;—knocked the hind sights off from old *bess*—used up two *painters*, and made a mash of lots of little varmints. I tell you, they have had me in a tight place: I tell you how it was—Squire Wood came over to my house, and says he, "Pete, you must run for the Legislature." Well, now, the Squire has a hankering that way, and he thought I would say *no*, and then ask him; but he warnt smart. Says I, "Squire, I don't care if I do." This here sorter took him by surprise; but he acted like a man, and is doing his best for me. Says he, "Pete, you must make a stump speech at the 'log rolling' on the middle park."—"Well," says I, "*good*." I went to the "log rolling;"—I found my opponent there. He was cutting a wide swarth among the sovereigns. I guess I used him up; for the moment I rode up, I called for a "gallon and sugar." "Hurrah for Pete!" shouted the hell-fire chaps, "he is the man what don't care for a dollar." I stirred among the boys; presently some fellow cried out, "A speech from Pete." I tell you, I began to have the thumps; says I, "Look here, lawyer McCampbell, arter you is manners." Up jumped lawyer Mac, and bowing low, addressed the crowd:—

"Friends and fellow citizens,—I am an unambitious man—I never sought office; I belong to a party that are modest and unassuming,—I am a disciple of the Van Buren, Amos Kendall, Tom Benton, Buck Woodruff school. I have been always a democrat—one that loves the many, and hates the few;—I am a professional man. I have spent a patrimony in preparing myself to be useful to mankind, and you ought to elect me. I hold this doctrine to be correct, that a representative should vote as his party directs. I pledge myself to vote as Chester Ashley and Buck Woodruff tell me. Who is Pete Whetstone? Why, he is an uneducated man—he knows nothing of the immortal principles of Lindley Murray—quem deus vult per dere prinsque dementat—yes, fellow citizens, I say, sic transit gloria mundi—which means, that the higher a monkey climbs, the plainer he shows his tail."

Down he sat. "What larning," says one.—"He is a great man," said another. I swallowed a horn of bald face, and riz up. "Boys," says I, "Pete's out for the Legislature; Pete is an ambitious man—but his is an honorable ambition. Pete always went for Old Hickory, but he can't swallow Marting Van Buring, or Buck Woodruff. Pete's a democrat, according to the old fashion meaning. Lawyer McCampbell says he has spent a fortune to make himself useful. All Pete can say is, that he laid out his money badly. He asked who Pete is?—Why, he is a professional bear-hunter, and a scientific bee-hunter.—Pete is no orator; but when it comes to killing a bear, or finding a bee tree, he is *there*. Pete aint good at figures, but he can read big print. If he goes to the Legislature, he will do his best for you. Pete *tracks* no man. As to that strange tongue that lawyer McCampbell speaks, I can say nothing; it aint Shawnee, Creek, or Cherokee;—maybe it is Dutch. Pete never flies higher than he can roost. You all know him, and if you don't want him to go to the Rock, just say so. Pete has a "couple of gallons" over at the doggery;—step over and drink."

"Hurrah for Pete!"—"He is my chap," shouted about three-fourths. This is the lawyer's strong hold, and I have him safe. I expect he has been taking some pulls on me since I left; but if he has, I will make him think a Rhode Island jackass had kicked him. To-morrow I put out for the Devil's Fork, and I will tell you more about my election when I get home.

Ever yours, PETE WHETSTONE.

P.S Look here, don't call me Peter—my name is Pete. I have a monstrous notion of that Mr. John Stevens, and tell him if he wants to have a colt a little faster than the Bussing 'coon, why, call him Pete Whetstone.

PETE'S VERY LAST.

Devil's Fork of Little Red River, (Ark.) May 8, 1837.

My Dear Mr. Editor,—Well, I got home last night. Old *Dry Bones* is all horse—knocked off 40 miles a day, and never blowed at it. Just as I expected, the *lawyer* has been Van Burenising. Now, Van Burenism is so close to thieving, that to save time we use them for each other. But that aint here nor there. He has been among the religious women, telling them with a long face that I am a sinner—that I play cards, horse race, and drink whiskey. Well, now, all this is true; but I'll make him think the earthquake has come, just for telling the truth. He has gone up to New Dublin and told the Irish Van Buring was born in old Ireland, and they believe it. Now, can't you contradict this?—Just do, and send your paper quick. I am in a tight place, and if I once get out of it, I am done with politics—I won't be a great man. I have written a circular, and am going to put a copy up at New Dublin, one at the Doggery, and one at the Dry Fork. Here it is:—

"Pete's got home. He has seen all sorts of times over at Batesville. They won his money, and gave Dry Bones no fodder. He aint in a good humor no how. Now, he just wants to say, if lawyer McCampbell don't take care, he will find himself in a bark mill. You all know Jim Whetstone—Pete's father; he has fought, bled, and died for his country. He was a democrat; Pete is a strap of the same leather. Lawyer McCampbell says Pete's a sinner. He tells a lie: Pete loves God, fears the devil, and hates snakes. He doesn't play cards, except when the truck is up. He doesn't horse race, except for fun, and when there is a sure chance to win. He doesn't drink liquor, except bald face whiskey, just to encourage our own 'stil houses. Pete don't wear two faces—lawyer McCampbell does. Pete don't go in the altar at camp-meeting and hug the gals—lawyer McCampbell does—Marting Van Buring aint an Irishman—he is a Dutchman, and the Irish and Dutch are always fighting. Who is lawyer McCampbell? Nothing but a mischief maker. Didn't he persuade Dan Looney to sue Jim Cole for the cows and calves he lost on the *Warping Bars*? Dan dars'nt deny it. He can't kill a bear. Why, he would starve to death in the woods, with a good rifle, and old General Jackson and *Sharptooth* to keep him company. Now, if you want to run the thing in the ground, just elect him. Pete don't ask any man for his vote; all he asks is fair play.

Pete Whetstone."

I guess that will bring them to their senses. I am going to make a stump speech at the county court, and the way I'll use up that lawyer won't be slow.

Don't tell anybody: *sister Sal is going to be married*; but she will put it off till *after the election*. I tell you, Sal is a great gal;—she makes all her sweethearts believe she is going to have them, and they go their death for me. There will be a fuss when the thing leaks out; but I don't care.

I aint no time to tell you about a big bear fight I had before I went to Batesville. So, good bye; but don't forget to say Marting Van Buring aint an Irishman.

Ever yours, PETE WHETSTONE.

Things Theatrical.

We have time but for a line or two, and employ it to urge upon those who care a straw about the legitimate drama and its estimable professors, not to forget Ritchings to-night. Miss Clifton's Beatrice, and Wallacks *Benedict*, are both charming in their way, and several other great names figure in the bill.—Ritchings well merits a bumper, and if his friends will all turn out, he will have one indeed.

THEATRICAL ROW IN NEW ORLEANS.

Italian Opera.—*Row at St. Charles.*—On Sunday evening last, we witnessed the most curious *finale* to Rossini's Opera of Semiramide which has ever been performed in this or any other country. The last scene of the opera, from some unknown cause, was *suspended* by the Italian troupe, and another scene was *appended* by the audience, which Rossini never intended, nor ever imagined could take place.

The house was a very good one. Every thing, what there was of it, went off to the satisfaction of the audience. Pantanelli gave her music in first rate style, so did old Fornasari, so did all. At the conclusion of the scene where Assur fancies he encounters the ghost, down went the green curtain before the last scene had been performed. The *falling* of the curtain was the signal for *raising* a most tremendous racket, by those who had paid their $1 and $1,50 to witness Semiramide *entire*. The house commenced operations with the celebrated tramp march so well known in this city by frequenters of the theatres. Finding that the green curtain was not to be raised, nor any explanation given for the unwarrantable curtailment of the opera, the pit became uproarious. The backs of the seats received a succession of whacks from the canes of those who had not used feet and tongues to the utmost of their power. By this time one or two of the backs of the pit seats were torn down. Fornasari made his appearance, bowed, said nothing, and retired. Why didn't he inform the audience, even in Italian, what the reasons were for the suspension? No; he took the ground of the banks, and remained perfectly silent. The audience, finding they were to be kept in ignorance, now became tumultuous. Such a din we have never heard. Hissing, howling, whistling, kicking and screaming reigned in the temple, where a few moments before, all was harmony.

Some of the more quiet—those who knew not or cared not whether the opera was either commenced or finished, now left the theatre. Those who were acquainted with it, however, stood their ground and kept up a ceaseless noise. At this juncture, and while there were some thirty or forty ladies in the dress circle, one of the most injudicious, and we must say infamous tricks was resorted to in order to clear the theatre of those who had paid their money to see the *whole* of the opera, and were anxious to know the reason why they were thus cheated out of the last scene—the gas-lights were all extinguished, and left the house in utter darkness, save what little light was thrown in from the street. The audience could not stand this—'twas the signal for the demolition of every thing they could lay their hands on. Chairs and canes were thrown towards the splendid chandelier—the pride of St. Charles—and for some time its destruction seemed inevitable. Fortunately, however, the second, third, and fourth tiers were deserted, else this splendid ornament would have been entirely broken and scattered over the pit. The distance was too great for the missiles which were thrown at it—only one or two taking effect, and they not occasioning very serious injury.

The house, in the meantime, presented more the appearance of a brothel, in the midst of a row, than a respectable resort for amusement. The drapery around the boxes was torn, the cushions in the pit ripped open, the seats broken, and chairs were flying in all directions. A dim light was thrown into the interior from the lamps in front of the theatre. The chairs which were being thrown looked like birds of evil hovering about the devoted chandelier, but not able to reach it in consequence of some charm which it possessed. In the midst of this confusion a young man made his appearance on the stage with some half dozen frightened Italians to back him. Quiet was now restored, in order to give him a hearing. He stated that Signora Marozzi was taken suddenly ill, when the audience left the house without doing any further damage.

From the first we attributed none of the blame to Mr. Caldwell. He had left the theatre sometime before the close of the opera, and consequently knew nothing of the affair. As for Marozzi's being sick, that was all humbug. These sudden indispositions are of too common occurrence, and come at such convenient times, that we place no confidence in them. Our own opinion is that the troupe had become lazy or tired, and were anxious to get home, and thought they could leave at any part of the opera to suit their own convenience, thinking that the audience would never know the difference; and accordingly the directore, whoever he may be, rang down the green curtain. This was equivalent to turning the audience out of doors, and they took it as such by sending in their demurrers. The longer they waited for an explanation of the cause the more exasperated they became, until finally, the putting out the gas lights while there were many ladies in the dress circle, drove them to the commission of acts of violence. There the matter rested.

Last Night—*Continuation of the Row.*—The *prelude* of last night was but a continuation of the *finale* of Sunday evening. The overture to Semiramide was listened to without any marks of disapprobation. At the conclusion a spirit of uneasiness manifested itself in different quarters of the house. Latham came out to apologize—but it was of no use; he was not the man the discontented wanted. After talking to himself alone for some ten minutes, he withdrew. The house becoming comparatively silent, he again made his appearance and met with the same reception. Caldwell was called for, and Caldwell came on, with a copy of the Courier, in which he had inserted an article exonerating himself from all blame as to the question at issue. The house gave him a hearing. After speaking some fifteen or twenty minutes he retired, leaving the audience as much in the dark as ever as to who was the author of extinguishing the lights, one of the most objectionable points in the slight committed on Sunday evening. Mr. Caldwell was evidently excited, and hardly knew what he said. While he was addressing the audience, a row was kicked up among the Italians themselves behind the scenes. What occasioned this disgraceful rumpus we know not, but angry, high words were bandied about behind the scenes.

Mr. Caldwell retired, and the curtain rose. The discontents endeavored to put a stop to the performances, but they were outnumbered, and the opera was finally permitted to go on without molestation.

Two-thirds of those who went to the theatre last evening, went with the intention, if Semiramide was curtailed in the least, to raise a row. As it was, the last note that ever Rossini composed was played and sung to the full extent, and every thing passed off without further commotion. Picayune.

TO THE LITERATI OF THE UNITED STATES.

Encouraged by a liberal public still to pursue the profession of my adoption, and the histrionic success of Mrs. George Jones being of that character as to identify her with the Drama of the country, emboldens me with confidence (consolidated by power) to offer an opportunity to the Literati of the United States to achieve a triumph in Dramatic Literature.

It is often remarked in England, "that America, possessing every species of talent, is deficient in Dramatists." The cause is obvious, viz., that no encouragement is offered to writers in this country to become Dramatic authors—for a manager can, and does, obtain from England, for a few pence, the latest productions of that nation, and instantly represents them here without molestation; consequently the conductors of our theatres have no interest to gratify in becoming the purchasers of any national productions—I refer, of course, to compositions of the first class. It therefore depends exclusively upon the *Professors of the Drama* to uphold and encourage that literature, to which they are, or ought to be devoted, and more especially if the public and the press have extended their applause and influence, whereby the *Histrion* is possessed of means to carry such encouragement into substantial effect. With the blended feelings of pleasure and duty, the subscriber is enabled to offer for a *Prize Tragedy* a premium far beyond any heretofore presented for emutation in the United States:—1st, as to the character of the Tragedy—to be written by an American citizen; to consist of five acts, and containing two principal characters, to be represented by Mr. and Mrs. George Jones; the successful author to be named by a committee hereafter to be appointed. The Tragedy to be sole property of the subscriber, and to be transmitted for the decision by the 1st of August, 1839; the name of each writer to be enclosed (with the MS.) in a sealed note, which will not be opened unless that of the successful author.

For which dramatic production the subscriber pledges himself to the following liberal prize:—viz. *One Thousand Dollars—a Gold Medal*, of not less value than *One Hundred*, and not more than *Five Hundred Dollars*, added to which *an income of five per cent. upon the gross profits of the Tragedy, arising from its representation during the first* five years, *whether in America or England*, thereby making the prize, as near as may be estimated, *Five Thousand Dollars*.

All communications in relation to the above (or the MS. Tragedies themselves) to be directed (post paid) to the subscriber, at the "Architectural Studio, New York University." With the firm belief that the Literati of our country possess sufficient dramatic power to do honor to the profession, and being anxious to advance the same by every energy, together with the resolution to make myself every way worthy of the encouragement received from a generous public, are the only motives that have induced me to place before them this unprecedented prize for their regard and emulation. I have the honor to be

New York, June 1, 1837. Your most obedient, GEORGE JONES.

[The editors throughout the United States will materially advance the Literature of the country by giving publicity to, or noticing the above.]

☞ Mrs. Gibb's Concert this evening, at the Temple, (in Boston) bids fair to be well attended. The Daily is more excited upon the subject than we have known it to be before upon any event for at least a year and a half. Hear him—

"Let not the "*hard times*" deter any one from going. The influence of music is such upon the mind, that it will aid many to bear up against their troubles, which by ruminating over them appear insupportable."

If Celeste called the editor of the Boston Post "ungallant" for saying that she had been married ten years when it was eight, what will they say to the following?

"The Picayune says, "The editor of the New York Commercial calls Celeste a 'meagre, sallow-faced French woman.' Did he ever see her in the 'Charming Bayadere?'"

We can answer for the Commercial, and say "yes, *stuffed and painted*."

Baltimore Transcript.

Forrest has encountered some tomahawk critics since his return to London.—There is evidently a *party* opposition to him—whether political, critical or personal, we cannot tell. Perhaps Kean pulls the wires. Speaking of Forrest, by the bye, we all remember the trick of the sword blade set loose in the handle, and what an effect he produced by its *rattle*, when he shook it convulsively. He has adopted a similar trick in playing Macbeth and Richard. His truncheons are made hollow, and contain a piece of loose metal, which he uses to produce a similar effect in performing those characters. The London critics may well quarrel with him for this. Boston Transcript.

Hackett has closed the National theatre after an unprofitable season. If he does'nt do better another year he will be *Barren* Hackett before his uncle dies. Boston Morning Post.

Antonio Diavolo.—Most of our readers probably recollect an Italian, who went by the cognomen of Il Diavolo, who with his family traversed the United States, giving extraordinary exhibitions on the rope, dancing and gymnastic feats. It was reported on good authority at Charleston, a few days since, that Antonio and all his family, with the exception of one daughter, had been murdered by the Seminoles in Florida.

Hiring a Door.—"But, pray Johnny," interrupted his mother, "where do these people think you live?"

"At a great house in Grosvenor-street," said Jack, "next door to what-d'ye call-em's hotel; my name is on the door, and my address on my card."

"But you dont live there?" said Mrs. Brag.

"Not I," replied the son, "I only rent the door."

"How d'ye mean?" said the mother.

"Why, I went to the man," said Brag, "who keeps the house, 'Now, sir,' said I, 'I want to rent four square inches of your pannels.' He was puzzled for the moment, but I was down upon him in no time, and no mistake. Out I pulls from my pocket a brass plate of those precise dimensions, whereon is engraven Mr. Brag. 'What will you take per annum,' said I, 'to let this be screwed on your door, and let your servant take in my cards and letters?' Startled him a little at first; however, he entered himself for the plate, acceded to my proposition, and so, for the trifling consideration of four guineas per annum, and a tip to the slavey, I get the credit of five windows in the front, three stories high, in one of the best streets in London.

Borough of Pontefract.—to wit: Whereas John Gully, Esquire, heretofore known as Jack Gully, the pugilist, has signified to the electors of this ancient borough that he has had quite enough of *parliamenting*, and that should the King break in the ring now assembled in the Common House, and send the members about their business, which he has great reason to think is very likely—he the said John Gully will not in this case come again to the scratch as the representative of this ancient borough, or of any other borough, city, or county whatever—inasmuch as his parliamentary labors have caused him much suffering both in mind, body and estate; in estate, by the payment of *headmoney*; in body, by the *long speeches* he has made; and in mind and conscience, by always saying *aye* or *no* as Lord John Russell bade him; and it is his fixed determination to retire therefrom for ever, and resume his old and more honorable occupation of "a sporting character" and general betting agent for the spooneys. Notice is therefore hereby given, that whenever the dissolution of the present parliament shall take place as aforesaid, Mr. Gully's seat will be ready for somebody else as a representative of this ancient and celebrated borough in the new parliament; and any gentleman with plenty of *brass* and ready to *fork out* handsomely, no matter whether he be a pugilist or not, will be treated with upon personal application to the proper authorities in Pontefract, without his being required to go the whole hog with the present ministers; the free and independent electors of Pontefract being quite as sick of them as Mr. Gully himself can be.—God save the King—and send the longest purse to Pontefract!

Origin of Fashion.—"Grandpa, where do people get their fashions from?" "Why, from Boston." "Well where do the Boston folks get them from?"—"From England." "Ah, and where do the English get them?" "From France." "And where do the French get them from?" "Why—why right straight from the d—l there; now stop your noise!"

THE MISERIES OF ANGLING,
OR, CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S VEXATION.

BY SYLVANUS SWANSQUILL, GENT.

MISERY I.—On your way to a favorite stream, meeting a bungler coming back, who gives you an account of his sport, by which you find that though he has caught no fish, he has pricked a good many and frightened all the rest.

II.—Fishing with a friend in a small stream, every good holt in which is well known to you both: neither of you remarkable for your politeness, but anxious only to get the first throw in the favorite spots, so that to a mere casual observer, it would seem that you were running races, or fishing against time.

III.—In minnow-spinning for trout, when you have hooked a monster, and brought him as near as possible to a high bank, finding your boy cannot reach him with the landing net. Then, after much fumbling and anxiety, seeing the fish recover his wind and give you the go-by; leaving you to debate with yourself whether it is just or generous to scold the lad for not being two feet longer in the arm.

IV.—Having with much trouble and infinite skill succeeded in getting a very fine fish in your landing net—borrowed for the occasion by a friend—bidding the boy hoist him out, and discovering that the meshes are too rotten to hold him.—Fish gives a lurch, and carries off your flies to show his companions in the "still deeps."

V.—Minuting a pike while he pouches his bait: then hurriedly returning your watch through the wrong aperture, which, after slipping down your leg, bounces at the bottom of your trousers, and so on down the steep bank into the water at the very deepest and muddiest part. N.B.—The watch a very valuable one, given to you by your father.

VI.—Snap-fishing for pike, landing a very fine Jack, which, however, succeeds in getting free from your hook the moment he is banked, and begins leaping about as if *terra firma* did not agree with him. In an agony of fear you pounce upon him, and endeavor to fix your talons in his eyes, pike proves rather a "slippery customer," and, after two or three tussels with you on the grass, flops into the water and sails off in the coolest manner possible. In your anxiety to secure the fish, had overlooked the fact that one of the barbs of your hook is sticking in the fleshy part of your thumb.

VII.—Going out fishing with a friend who expects you to find him in lines, bait, rod, &c., at a time, too, when the rod you usually keep for such purposes is not yet serviceable from the fractures it received at the hands of the *last* friend you lent it to.

VIII.—Having delayed so long, to take your day's fishing, that when you go at last, you find mowing-grass knee-deep in every meadow but one—and in that there is a running bull.

IX.—Receiving an invitation from a particular friend, and worthy disciple of your common father ISAAC, to join a select fishing party, "the day after to-morrow:" but your friend having neglected to date his letter, you don't know which day that is—and no time for further inquiries.

X.—Accepting the invitation aforesaid, and going on the wrong day.

XI.—In trolling, just as you have made your very best throw, and your bait is skimming through the air like a flying fish, having said bait jerked back in your face from a *kink* in the line.

XII.—Groping in your pocket for sixpence to give a country fellow who has clambered up a tree to clear your tackle, and finding that you have nothing but half-crowns. N.B.—Not too rich.

XIII.—That moment, after an unsuccessful day's sport, when your father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or what not, takes a peep into your empty pannier, and inquires what you've done with the fish.

XIV.—After three weeks of east wind and unmitigated sunshine (in May), finding the weathercock due south, and the sky cloudy—on a Sunday morning. Back to the old point on Monday.

XV.—In your hurry to land a great wild trout, striking your screw-spear into your instep instead of into the ground at your feet.

XVI.—On going to your favorite trout-stream on a charming day, meeting a pack of otter hounds returning from "a most capital thing" in the only part of the water where there are any fish.

XVII.—After a resolute tussle with the finest trout—perhaps the only one you have caught all day, said trout suddenly turning out to be nothing but a great loggerheaded chub.

XVIII.—When catching flies on a sunny day by the side of your favorite river, discovering that you are watched by a knot of ignorant bumpkins, who, seeing you throw yourself into all sorts of whimsical attitudes, incidental to your entomological pursuits, take you to be a convalescent from the neighboring mad-house.

XIX.—Having travelled forty or fifty miles to have a week's fly-fishing at Pontyflwrwst-a-lagchllynn, or some such place in North Wales, finding a steam engine has been erected at the head of the stream, the hot water from which has destroyed all the fish within ten miles of the place.

XX.—Staying three weeks at a fishing inn in Derbyshire, or North Wales, with a friend who thinks "*The Complete Angler*" all stuff and nonsense.

XXI.—Trolling for pike in a river chock-full of weeds. N.B. No live baits.

XXII.—Being invited by a friend to fish for carp in a pond; said friend *not being quite sure* whether there are any fish in or no—though he is certain there were a great many in his father's time.

XXIII.—Meeting the same friend some time afterwards, who tells you that he has had the pond let dry, and (though you had not succeeded in stirring a single fin) found it full of fine fish.

XXIV.—Having walked four miles and a half in a very fine—but very warm—afternoon to try for a trout, as you modestly express it, finding the stream almost dry, and the mill stopped. Walking another mile to the mill to ask when the water will be turned on, finding the miller gone to market, and nobody left at home but a great dog, which keeps nuzzling about your legs, as if looking out for a nice fleshy piece to carry away to his kennel.

XXV.—Trolling with live bait in a fine river, and having desired your boy to put the bait-can overhead into the water, finding he has forgotten to make the lid fast, so that all the baits have escaped but one—and that a dead one.

XXVI.—Trolling for pike with an old rod, whose ferrules are so much too large, that at every second throw the top part of it goes spinning into the river.

XXVII.—Having lost the middle piece of your fly-rod, and being obliged to fish with the upper part and lower ends badly joined together by stuffing grass or rushes into the ferrule.

XXVIII.—Fly-fishing in so high a wind that you cannot get your fly to lie on the water: or if it does, only to be blown out again just as a large fish is rising to take it.

XXIX.—Having angled without success as far as your permission extends, roguishly venturing into the next meadow, when, just as you are hooking out your first fish, a surly old farmer comes up and asks by whose authority you are fishing there.

XXX.—As a corollary to the above: having told your ready-made lie, that you didn't know you were out of your friend Smith's grounds, being taken to task on account of certain gaps—which you didn't make.

XXXI.—Only waiting to set off on a trolling excursion till you receive a lot of live bait, roach and gudgeons, which a friend has promised you. Boy arrives at last with a can-ful of fine *perch*, and a recommendation to you to cut off their back fins.

XXXII.—Looking out on the morning of a fishing appointment to see which way the wind is, and meeting no better intelligence from the neighboring church tower than the vanes pointing in every direction.

XXXIII.—Having been caught fishing on forbidden ground (*query* water?) and having protested with some warmth that you angle only for the sport and don't care twopence for the fish— being taken at your word, and left without a fin to carry home to your friends.

XXXIV.—Having thrown your rod, landing-net, basket, &c. &c., across a brook, finding at last that you cannot jump it. N.B. No bridge within three miles.

XXXV.—Having been at a great trouble to secure your footing on a hedge which you are about to pass, finding, that, though it would bear you well enough in a state of rest, it is not proof against the force of the spring necessary to carry you over the subjacent ditch, but lets you into said ditch, where your legs are as much annoyed by the mud as your face and hands by the nettles.

XXXVI.—After an unsuccessful day's fishing, indulging in a most uncompromising tirade against the poachers to a country fellow whom you accidentally meet in the fields, and then being whispered by your companion, that the man in question is the most notorious poacher in the whole county, and has been laughing at you in his sleeve all the time.

XXXVII.—Being invited for a day's fishing by a friend at some distance, finding on your arrival that you are only one of a large party—chiefly ladies—two of the giddiest of whom are placed under your especial care, to supply with rods, lines, floats, baits, and gallant speeches.

XXXVIII.—Examining your fly-book after a two years' tour on the Continent, and finding far more flies than you had any notion of, mostly of the moth species, which have eaten nearly all the others to the bare hook.

XXXIX.—Just arrived at a favorite piece of water, after having asked your boy a hundred times if he is quite sure he has remembered everything, finding that *you* have forgotten everything by leaving your spectacles behind you.

XL.—Sitting down by the river side to open your fly-book, finding that you have brought *The Court Calendar* instead.

XLI.—Having had rather good sport in perch-fishing on an island, finding towards ten o'clock at night that the boat, which you thought you had made fast to a tree, has indulged herself in a sail on her own responsibility. N.B. Not a soul within earshot, yourself no swimmer, and the water unfordable.

XLII.—Losing your way in a wild part of Carnarvonshire, where no English is spoken: then, after having described your situation in what you consider very good Welsh, finding by the vacant stare of the person whom you are addressing, that he is by no means of the same opinion with yourself regarding your proficiency in the language.

XLIII.—Ditto: with this difference, that you see by the manner of your interlocutor that he perfectly comprehends all your questions—and this *dis*advantage, that you cannot understand one of his replies.

XLIV.—Staying at an inn in Wales where you are the only one in the house that speaks English: so that you are reduced to the alternative of waiting on yourself, or playing pantomime with a set of boobies who have not the genius to understand your signs.

XLV.—Having been extremely communicative—of all your receipts, modes of fishing, favorite flies, &c. &c.—to a gentleman you accidentally met by the river side, finding out that the said gentleman is the regular correspondent of a sporting newspaper.

XLVI.—*Item.* Reading said receipts, modes, mysteries, and so forth, in next Sunday's paper, accompanied by a caricature of yourself, which your friends assure you is not the least like, though they all recognized it immediately.

XLVII.—*Item.* Some time afterwards, seeing your own book—the work of a life—reviewed in the aforesaid journal, where it is stated that every thing valuable in the volume has been "impudently stolen from an article of their own, contributed some time ago by their valued correspondent, *Slapping Sam*."

XLVIII.—Having sent your boy to the mill to inquire when there will be water in the brook, (at present bare to the pebbles), receiving for answer "four o'clock"—just the hour the fish cease to feed.

XLIX.—Sitting under a hedge in the rain, till you are obliged to fly for shelter into the open air.

L.—Just as a good fish has taken your dropper, find that your stretcher is fast in a bed of weeds.

LI.—Showing a young fisher how to throw his fly—as you think—but, *in reality*, only showing him how he may very pompously snap it off against a stalk of rib-grass.

LII.—After letting off the old joke about "the best bite we've had all day," overhauling your prog-basket, and finding that your bottle of porter has burst, and that all is lost, except about a pint, which has been absorbed by the sandwiches.

LIII.—In bottom-fishing for trout, suffering your bait to be carried away by an eddy, making a resolute snatch, and finding that you have "taken nothing by your motion."

LIV.—Accidentally dropping two or three small hooks into your wading boots (which are too w t to pull off,) and tracing their descent down your leg, till they finally take up their position under your heel.

LV.—Having made yourself particularly agreeable to a certain miller, going through the whole corn law question, &c. &c., with a deference to all his opinions and prejudices, learning that he has nothing at all to do with the fishing—the sole object of your attentions.

LVI.—At the end of half a dozen of wine, which you had lost to one of your party about the weight of a jack, *your own laugh* at the joke, which is at length announced, that the wager was only won by cramming a pound weight down the fish's throat.

LVII.—Ditto, with this difference: that the bet having been as to which should pull out the first fish, you are informed that your competitor succeeded only by taking the precaution to hook one on before he put his line into the water.

LVIII.—The state of your fingers and thumbs for two or three days after having tied on a large assortment of hooks, with the aid of shoemaker's wax.

LIX.—Waxing thread in cold weather, when the wax either sticks so doggedly that your thread snaps every half minute, or drives you to the necessity of warming it before the fire, when your silk at once sinks inch-deep into the lump, and then holds.

LX.—At the end of a long blank day with a friend, and the wear and tear of mind consequent thereupon, to be waited upon by a second friend, to know what time you mean to start to-morrow on a piscatorial excursion, that you have planned with *him*.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for April, 1837.

A FOX HUNT.

BY BLANKO WEIGHT, ESQ.—*In Rhymo-Blank Verse.*

EVERY body must remember Mr. T. Hood's "Plan for writing verse in rhyme," published some time ago in one of his Comic Annuals. In beating about for "talents" for the N. S. M., it has been our good fortune to start a genius who has a particular *twist* for that ingenious species of composition; and for a valuable consideration we have induced him to favor us with the following short poem on Fox-hunting as a specimen of his *knack* at rhymo-blank versification. Should it meet with approbation, the talented author proposes to publish, under the distinguished patronage of Mr. John Jorrocks, a new edition of Somerville's Chase, handsomely tagged after the same fashion.

The village clock chimes half past ten, when men
To Oakwood come, each in his best vest drest;
In scarlet some, and some in true-blue hue,
Others again adopt a tough buff stuff;
And "good uns" have in bottle green been seen.
Choice tits are here, from many a good blood stud,
Eager to lead the merry chase, race-pace.
Here comes the parson on his crack black hack;
And here old Muggs on his cart colt, jolt-jolt—
Oh! what a funny looking phiz his is!
And yonder's Snooks on his grey mare—rare pair!
And there upon the best of tits sits Pitts.
"Elev'n" sings out the village chime—prime time!
"Eu in!" cries Dick: and straight the crack pack smack
Into the wood, and all the brake make shake.
"Whoo tally-hoo!" does now some scout shout out,
And eager riders thro' the good wood scud,
Crying "Hold hard!" to any one gone on:
While busy, bawling Whips the slack pack thwack;
Which, till they hear the tally-ho go slow.
Now, now they hear it!—now with high cry fly:
Eagerly on which way the scent went bent.
The field behind, with spur and lash, dash—crash
Thro' the thick wood; o'er rail and stump jump plump:
And all to lead in the first flight quite fight.
Like lightning now, o'er valley, plain, lane, drain,
Lawn, heath, park, mead, and hill they rush, crush, push,
(A looker on some broken necks expects)
And fear for nought—nay, they quite jeer fear here.
Now comes a stream: some down its deep steep creep:
While some, more venturesome, with rash dash splash
Into the midst, and down they go so low,
That many fear the awful sound—"Found drown'd."
All's right—and on thro' flood o'er fell pell-mell
They speed: tho' of the morning's crew too few
Alas! now where they ought to be we see.
Some in the bottom of a ditch pitch; hitch
In a tree top; or in some thick quick stick.
Others, just balanced on a rail, hail, pale,
The neighboring clowns, who running cry "my eye!"
There's one upon a gate-post sits—it's Pitts.
And yonder Snooks cries to his grey, "Waigh-hey!"
(But tits the faster one cries "wo-ho," go.)
Full many from the river's dank bank shrank:
While some half thro', have turned, alack! smack back.
But most a missing shoe bewail—stale tale!
Reynard meanwhile, his course now run, undone,
Seeks shelter in the sheperd's cot;—hot spot
For him! where soon the pack smack whack,
Into him, and with many a tug hug pug.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for March, 1837.

NEW PLAYING CARDS.—In the advanced state of the Arts which characterise the present age, it is little to be wondered at that *speculation* in cards should *put* in its claim for public patronage. We have had "Imperial Royal Illuminated Playing Cards from the *Temple* of Fancy," but they did not *discard* Messrs. Hunt, Harding, and others of the Old School. The next improvement was the speckled backs of varied hue, and these were caught at with avidity by the Whist-player, who, when "luck" was in his favor, preferred "keeping his own pack"—not always the case when they were all of one colour. Messrs. De-la-Rue and Co. bid fair to *cut* out all their predecessors, not only in "the best that can be made," but by putting on their "backs" a coat of tasteful texture, forming a tartan pattern of colored and gold stripes, as unique as it is delicate, and still not so susceptible of soil as those now in general use, from the high finish with which they are manufactured. As regards the Court Cards, *Knaves* have not "a leg to stand on," their heads as well as those of *Kings* and *Queens* being *turned*—not an uncommon case with *losers*. This at least will save trouble to the novice, in sorting.—In a word, we think that Mr. De-la-Rue and his partner have "won the odd trick" in good style, and as they hold the *honours*, we will back them to add many *points* to their score.

London Sporting Magazine.

We admire at all times what may be termed the sublime and beautiful in newspaper composition. Let *our* readers peruse the following paragraph from the *Herald* of Monday, and repress a loud laugh if they can:—"The King has been pleased to present to the Goldsmith's Company *a very valuable painting*, being a full length portrait of his present Majesty, in his coronation robes, from the pencil of Mr. Morton!" As Mr. Morton is a fifth-rate artist, perhaps the value of the painting should be placed to the account of the *frame*.

We are requested to state that the large placards headed "*Murder and mutilation*," lately posted about the streets, are not intended to call attention to Mr. Sheridan Knowles's performance of *William Tell*.

BOB WILKINS AND SIR ANDREW PARCHMENT.

You never saw Bob Wilkins, did you?.....Ha! ha! I cannot help laughing when I call to mind his demure look and deprecating smile when detected in a joke *flagrante delicto*. His very victims liked him; for what could give so perfect an idea of good nature as his little round head, his little round belly, and his oily smile!—one of those good souls whose temper and person were equally free from *angles;* so that everybody attributed the numerous *quid-pro-quos* he caused to accident rather than intention, while Bob held his peace, and laughed in his sleeve.

There was a Sir Andrew Parchment in the neighborhood, whose character is best described by his nickname, "Pomposity Bookworm." Little cared he what he read, provided the whole county was aware that "Sir Andrew was deep in the fifth illegible MS. found at Pompeii." Manifold were his dinner-parties, where, "cock of his own dunghill," he expatiated on the immense treasures he expected in the shape of a stewed Mummy, or a Missal of which nothing but the cover remained.

I dined there one day in November. The party was large, and our host outdid himself. Every one was, or pretended to be, perfectly satisfied that Sir Andrew was too good for this life, and fit only for a shelf in the British Museum. The conversation, as usual, after dinner, turned on horses. Sir Andrew was quite at home on every ancient chariot-race, and learnedly holding forth, to prove that *horses* of the nineteenth century came from *asses* of the second century. He was just coming to the "*quod erat demonstrandum*," when I saw Bob's eye twinkle..... I knew there was mischief a-foot.

"Sir Andrew," said Bob in his mildest voice, "I have a MS. lent me by a very clever friend of mine before going to press. It is an inquiry into that interesting subject which is involved in so much obscurity, that...." "Chut!" interrupted the Baronet; "Chut!—never speak of MSS. in public: you must tell me privately when we have joined the ladies. You should know, Mr. Wilkins, that they are like woman's virtue....a breath destroys them: a hint of their contents is ruination to the author....after dinner, Mr. Wilkins, after dinner! .....a glass of this wine, Mr. Wilkins."

I saw the Baronet in the course of the evening pass his long skinny arm through Bob's dumpling protuberance (like a skewer through a fat widgeon), and talk confidentially for a quarter of an hour. Profound bows followed, and I would have betted thirty to one, and they are long odds, that all was right.

Before quitting, the same party were invited for that day week to hear the analysis of the new Work, which we should thus have the happiness to know six weeks before in the press, enriched by copious notes of Sir A. P.

The fire blazed, the candles were lighted, and alone, in a deep leathern chair, buried in the folds of an ample wrapper, sat the dried-up book-worm—a bottle on one side, and on a bird's-nest table the precious MS.....Coverings taken off..... a fine large book, labelled outside in large Gothic letters, "*Inquiry* into the Primitive source of the Wild Horses found in America, by Donald M'Pharson, Esq. F.R.S., A.S.S., &c."—"Ha!" said Sir Andrew, and smacked his thin lips; "here we have it; very interesting no doubt. I wonder if his ideas coincide with mine. I must invite that blockhead Lord B. and see if I can't convince him."—He opens the book. On a neat fly-leaf is repeated the title,

INQUIRY
INTO THE PRIMITIVE SOURCE, &C. &C.

On the second leaf,

WHAT WAS
THE PRIMITIVE SOURCE OF THE WILD-HORSES FOUND IN AMERICA?
AND NOTHING MORE!

The book dropped from his hands—his party of that day week rushed across his mind. For some minutes he could not conceive any one had been rash enough to joke with him; but as conviction slowly came, he ejaculated, "Incredible! by God un-credi-bile!"

P.S. Bob Wilkins was behind the screen! HARDCASTLE.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine.

THE DUEL.

From the "Confessions of Harry Lorrequer," in the Dublin University Magazine.

Mr. Giles Beamish having taken offence at the conduct of Mr. Lorrequer at a *dejeuné* given by the Mayor of Cork, demands satisfaction, and a meeting is arranged to take place at Carrigaholt, near Kilrush. The parties arrive "on the ground" at six o'clock in the evening. Very few minutes sufficed for preliminaries, and they both advanced smirking and smiling, as if they had just arranged a new plan for the amelioration of the poor, or the benefit of the manufacturing classes, instead of making preparations for sending a gentleman out of the world.

"Then, if I understand you, captain," said the doctor, (second to Mr. Beamish), "you step the distance, and I give the word."

"Exactly," said Curzon (Mr. Lorrequer's second).

After a joking allusion to my friend's length of limb, at which we all laughed heartily, we were placed, Curzon and the doctor standing and breaking the line between us; the pistols were then put into our hands, the doctor saying—"Now gentlemen, I'll just retire six paces, and turn round, which will be quite time enough to prepare, and at the word 'fire,' ye'll blaze away; mind now." With a knowing wink, the doctor delivered this direction, and immediately moved off; the word "fire" followed, and both pistols went off together. My hat was struck near the top, and, as the smoke cleared away, I perceived that my ball had taken effect upon my adversary; he was wounded a little below the knee, and appeared to steady himself with the greatest difficulty. "Your friend is hit," said Curzon to the Doctor, who now came forward with another pistol.

"Your friend is hit."

"So I perceive," said he, placing his finger on the spot; "but it is no harm to life; so you proceed, if you please."

"You don't mean to demand another shot?" said Curzon.

"Faith do I," said the doctor coolly.

"Then," said Curzon, "I must tell you unequivocally, I refuse, and shall now withdraw my friend; and had it not been for a regulation peculiar to our regiment, but never intended to include cases of this nature, we had not been here now; for up to this hour my principal and myself are in utter ignorance of any cause of offence ever having been offered by him to Mr. Beamish."

"Giles, do you hear this?" said the doctor.

But Giles did not hear it, for the rapid loss of blood from his wound had so weakened him, that he had fainted, and now lay peaceably on the grass. Etiquette was now at an end, and we all ran forward to assist the wounded man; for some minutes he lay apparently quite senseless, and when he at last rallied and looked wildly about him, it appeared to be with difficulty that he recalled any recollection of the place, and the people around him; for a few seconds he fixed his eyes steadily upon the doctor, and with a lip pale and bloodless, and a voice quivering from weakness, said,

"Fin! did'nt I tell ye that pistol always threw high—oh!" and this he said with a sigh that nearly overpowered him, "Oh, Fin, if you had only given me the saw-handled one, that *I am used to;* but it is no use talking now."

In my inmost heart I was grateful to the little doctor for his mistake, for I plainly perceived what 'the saw-handled one he was used to' might have done for me, and could not help muttering to myself with good Sir Andrew—"If I had known he was so cunning of fence, I'd have seen him damned before that I fought with him."

Our first duty was to remove the wounded man to the high road, about which both he himself and his second seemed disposed to make some difficulty; they spoke together for a few moments in a low tone of voice, and then the doctor addressed us—"We feel, gentlemen, there is no need of any concealment from you; but the truth is, we have need of great circumspection here, for I must inform you we are both of us bound over in heavy recognizances to keep the peace."

"Bound over to keep!" said Curzon and myself together.

"Nothing less; and although there is nobody hereabouts would tell, yet if the affair got into the papers by any means, why there are some people in Cork would like to press my friend there, for he is a very neat shot when he has the saw-handle," and here the doctor winked.

We had little time permitted us to think on the oddity of meeting men in such circumstances, for we were now obliged to contribute our aid in conveying him to the road, where some other means might be procured for his transfer to Kilrush, or some other town in the neighborhood, for he was by this time totally unable to walk.

THE TABLES TURNED.—At the Donegal assizes, the following humorous cross-examination of a witness occasioned much merriment in the court.—

Mr Doherty—What business do you follow?

I am a schoolmaster.

Did you turn off your scholars, or did they turn you off?

I do not wish to answer irrelevant questions. (laughter.)

Are you a great favourite with your scholars?

Aye, troth am I; a greater favourite than you are with the public.

Where were you, sir, this night?

This night, said the witness—there is a learned man—this night is not come yet; I suppose you mean that night; (here the witness looked at the judge, and winked his eye as if in triumph).

I presume the "schoolmaster was abroad" that night doing nothing.

Define "nothing," said witness.

Mr Doherty did not comply.

Well, said the *learned* schoolmaster, I will define it—it is a footless stocking without a leg. (Roars of laughter in which his lordship joined.)

You may go down sir.

Faith I believe you ared tired enough of me; but it is my profession to enlighten the public, and if you have any more questions to ask, I will answer them.

The veteran Morris lost a tremendous sum last year by his ballet, which proves that *Morris dancing* is not profitable. He hates the name of a ballet-master, and declares that he thinks every *pas* is a downright *pas* de *do*. As far as his money went, the step turned out to be a complete *pas de cinque* (*sink*).

MR. PICKWICK AND THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN.

The following is the opening scene of Mr. Pickwick's journey to Bath. It will forcibly strike those travellers who have entered some of the English inns, as calling to mind the various characters which they have frequently met in their peregrinations:—

The travellers' room at the White Horse Collar is of course uncomfortable; it would be no travellers' room if it were not. It is the right-handed parlor, into which the aspiring kitchen fire-place appears to have walked, accompanied by a rebellious poker, tongs, and shovel. It is divided into boxes for the solitary confinement of travellers, and is furnished with a clock, a looking-glass, and a live waiter, which latter article is kept in a small kennel for washing glasses, in a corner of the apartment.

One of these boxes was occupied on this particular occasion by a stern-eyed man of about five-and-forty, who had a bald and glossy forehead, with a good deal of black hair at the sides and back of his head, and large black whiskers. He was buttoned up to the chin in a brown coat, and had a large seal skin travelling cap, and a great coat and cloak lying on the seat besi le him. He looked up from his breakfast as Mr. Pickwick entered, with a fierce and peremptory air, which was very dignified, and having scrutinized that gentleman and his companions to his entire satisfaction, hummed a tune in a manner which seemed to say that he rather suspected somebody wanted to take advantage of him, but 'twouldn't do.

"Waiter," said the gentleman with the whiskers.

"Sir?" replied a man with a dirty complexion, and a towel of the same, emerging from the kennel before mentioned.

"Some more toast."

"Yes, sir."

"Buttered toast, mind," said the gentleman, fiercely.

"D'rectly, sir," replied the waiter.

The gentleman with the whiskers hummed a tune in the same manner as before, and pending the arrival of the toast, advanced to the front of the fire, and, taking his coat tails under his arms, looked at his boots and ruminated.

"I wonder whereabouts in Bath this coach puts up," said Mr. Pickwick, mildly addressing Mr. Winkle.

"Hum—eh—what's that?" said the strange man.

"I made an observation to my friend, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick, always ready to enter into conversation. "I wondered at what house the Bath coach puts up. Perhaps you can inform me."

"Are you going to Bath?" said the strange man.

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"And those other gentlemen?"

"They are going also," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Not inside—I'll be damned if you're going inside," said the strange man.

"Not all of us," said Mr. Pickwick.

"No, not all of you," said the strange man emphatically. "I've taken two places. If they try to squeeze six people into an infernal box that only holds four, I'll take a post-chaise and bring an action. I've paid my fare. It won't do; I told the clerk when I took my places that it wouldn't do. I know these things have been done. I know they are done every day, but I never was done, and I never will be. Those who know me best, best know it; crush me." Here the fierce gentleman rang the bell with great violence, and told the waiter he'd better bring the toast in five seconds, or he'd know the reason why.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Pickwick, "you will allow me to observe that this is a very unnecessary display of excitement. I have only taken places inside for two."

"I am glad to hear it," said the fierce man. "I withdraw my expression. I tender an apology. There's my card. Give me your acquaintance."

"With great pleasure, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick. "We are to be fellow travellers, and I hope we shall find each other's society mutually agreeable."

"I hope we shall," said the fierce gentleman. "I know we shall. I like your looks; they please me. Gentlemen, your hands and names. Know me."

Of course an interchange of friendly salutations followed this gracious speech; and the fierce gentleman immediately proceeded to inform the friends in the same short, abrupt, jerking sentences, that his name was Dowler, that he was going to Bath on pleasure, that he was formerly in the army, that he had now set up in business as a gentleman, that he lived upon the profits, and that the individual for whom the second place was taken, was a personage no less illustrious than Mrs. Dowler, his lady wife.

"She's a fine woman," said Mr. Dowler. "I am proud of her. I have reason."

"I hope I shall have the pleasure of judging," said Mr. Pickwick, with a smile.

"You shall," replied Dowler. "She shall know you. She shall esteem you. I courted her under singular circumstances. I won her through a rash vow. Thus:—I saw her—I loved her—I proposed—she refused me.—'You love another?'—'Spare my blushes.'—'I know him.'—'You do.'—Very good; if he remains here I'll skin him.'"

"Lord bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick involuntarily.

"Did you skin the gentleman?" inquired Mr. Winkle, with a very pale face.

"I wrote him a note. I said it was a painful thing; and so it was."

"Certainly," interposed Mr. Winkle.

"I said I had pledged my word as a gentleman to skin him. My character was at stake. I had no alternative. As an officer in his Majesty's service, I was bound to do it. I regretted the necessity, but it must be done. He was open to conviction. He saw that the rules of the service were imperative. He fled. I married her. Here's the coach. That's her head."

A THRILLING INCIDENT.—BY CUMMING.

My feelings were very poetical, as I walked slowly towards the door of the village church. I entered. A popular preacher was holding forth, and the little meeting-house was much crowded. I however, pressed up the aisle, until I had gained a position where I could have a fair view of the faces of nearly all present. I soon perceived I was an object of attention. Many of the congregation looked seriously at me, for I was a stranger to them all. In a few moments, however, the attention of every one present appeared to be absorbed in the ambassador of grace, and I also began to take an interest in his discourse. The speaker was fluent, and many of his lofty flights were even sublime; but almost any thing was calculated to effect my mind then. The preacher spoke of heaven and its joys, and the blissful scenes with which we were surrounded on every side. The music of the wood and the fragrance of the heath seemed to respond to his eloquence. Then it was no great stretch of the imagination to fancy that the white handed creatures around me, with their pouting lips and artless innocence, were beings of a higher sphere. While my feelings were thus divided between the beauties and blessings of the two worlds, and wrapped in a sort of poetical devotion, I detected one fair lass, with large black eyes, stealing several glances at me of most animated character. I need not describe the sensation experienced by a youth, when the eyes of a beautiful woman rest for any length of time on his countenance, and when he imagines himself to be an object of interest to her. I returned her glances with interest, and threw all the tenderness into my eyes which the scene, my meditations, and the preacher's discourse had inspired in my heart. I doubted not that this fair young damsel possessed kindred feelings with myself; that we were drinking together at the fountain of everlasting inspiration. How could it be otherwise? She had been born and nurtured amidst these wild and romantic scenes, and she was made up of romance, of poetry, of tenderness.

Then I thought of woman's love—her devotion—truth—I only prayed that I might meet with her where we could enjoy a sweet interchange of sentiment. I thought of Werter and Charlotte, and could not doubt that the village maiden and myself were capable of enjoying equal transports in each other's society. Her glances continued; several times our eyes met. My heart ached with rapture. At length the benediction was pronounced. I lingered about the premises until I saw the dark-eyed girl set out for home, on foot. 'O that the customs of society would permit, for we are surely one in soul!! Cruel formality that throws up a barrier between hearts made for each other!' Yet I determined to take the same path. I followed after her. She looked behind, and I thought that she evinced some emotion at recognizing me as being the stranger of the day. I quickened my pace, and she actually slackened hers, so as to let me come up with her.

'Noble creature!' thought I, 'her heart is superior to the shackles of custom.'

At length I came within stone's throw of her.

She suddenly halted and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to overflowing, and my eyes filled with tears of rapture. I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak, and I took off my hat as if doing reverence to an angel.

'Are you a pedlar?'

'My dear girl that is not my occupation.'

'Well, I don't know,' continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me sternly, 'I thought when I saw you at the meeting house, that you looked like a pedlar who passed off a pewter dollar on me about three weeks ago, so I determined to keep an eye upon you. Brother John has got home now, and he says if he can catch the fellow, he'll wring his nose for him: and I ain't sure but you're the good for nothing fellow after all!'

The last words she uttered were at the very top of her voice.

Reader did you ever take a shower bath?

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—Found, in the neighbourhood of Apsley House, Piccadilly, an old worn out Wellington. There is no *sole* whatever to it, but it has been very thickly tipped with brass, a great deal of which remains The upper leather is still good, but it is certainly too bad to be tried on again. It seems to have been through a great deal of dirt. It is suspected that this Wellington is the very one the King tried on some time ago, and put his foot in it!

Among the curiosities left by the late Mr. Fawcett, the comedian, is a *bust* of himself as *Captain Fitz*-harding, executed by the late Mrs. Jordan in *wood!*

THE SLINGSBY PAPERS.

Tompkins v. *Slingsby*.—Mary Adelina Slingsby was summoned by a corn-cutting, tooth-drawing apothecary, whose gaunt visage and unshaven chin gave no bad idea of the apothecary of Mantua, whom the forlorn *Romeo* sought.—Mary Adelina Slingsby was a most singularly shaped lady, broad and squabby, with large grey eyes, and a sort of blue-bottle nose; both defendant and plaintiff were Welsh, and the spluttering they made was more dissonant than that of Cadwallader and his goats. Poor Mrs. Slingsby was a very ill-used woman; nature had neglected her, and so too, had the apothecary, or corn-cutter, as she, poor woman, testified on her "book oath." "'Tis sweet to feel," said Sterne, "by what fine spun threads our affections are drawn together." The corn-cutter had begun operating upon the lady's mouth, and he had extracted therefrom sundry colt's teeth; from thence he had descended to the toes, and, having touched gently upon the corns, he had gradually descended to the fair patient's heart. So the apothecary was invited to sundry little pic-nic parties, and Mrs. Slingsby being somewhat of a blue stocking, the lean operator on corns and grinders was considered in the light of an agreeable visiter, and an assistance to Mrs. Slingsby's *understanding* in more senses than one. Mrs. Slingsby, too, had prepared a series of papers on the rights of women, after the approved principles of Anne Wolstonecroft, for the Society for the Diffusion of Useless Knowledge; and, as the apothecary had supplied sundry scraps of gallipot Latin, something very splendid was confidently anticipated. Love, however, like leather, is a perishable commodity. A rival corn-cutter, named *Ephraim Smooth*, so disturbed the peace of mind of Mr. Tomkins, that he felt bound, in justice to his honor as a corn-cutter, and his feelings as a man, to address a parting word or two to Mrs. Slingsby, and send in his bill. Mrs. Slingsby produced both letter and bill, and here they are, just as read by Mr. Commissioner Dubois.

"*Mrs. Slingsby*—If I was to go for to say that I didn't feel no pain, and was not altogether disturbed in piece of mind and feelings, I should be saying that which no gentleman, feeling as I do, would be for one moment warranted in saying. I never could have, for one instant moment, doubted the propriety or the properness of any lady using her own opinion, if so be that opinion was founded on what I conceive and think to be right grounds. It's not for me to say whether Mr. Smooth's powder is better than mine, or whether he's more better, more properer, more civiler, more juster, or more learneder than I am; I say, madam, it ain't for me to say, but this I do say, that I withdraw my company from your'n and here's my bill, which my wounded feelings demands payment of. Then, as the Latin poet so poetically says—'Now go it.'—I am, &c.,

THOMAS TOMKINS.

"Dec. 18, 1836.

"To Mrs. Slingsby."

Commissioner—Very fine indeed, and very gallant. Now for the bill.

Mrs. Slingsby to Thomas Tomkins.

		£	s	d
Feb. 14, 1836.—	To extracting one severely damaged molar	0	2	6
"	To fastening in a reg'ler terreous	1	1	0
March, —,	To stopping one fast-going incisor	0	2	0
"	To punching out an old stump	0	5	0
"	Scraping, filing, and tooth powder	0	4	0
"	Corn plaister	0	2	6
		£1	17	0

During the reading of the above, the Welsh blood of Mrs Slingsby boiled up to an alarming point. At length the torrent thus broke forth: "You good for nothing—oh, well, you ugly wretch—you—dear me—well, I never saw such a monster—do save me, Mr Magistrate, from that man; look at him—oh, if my first husband was here—to summon me for 1*l.* 17*s.* Oh, let me speak—do Mr Sir, let me speak"—

Commissioner—Take your time, madam; perhaps you've a set off.

Defendant—Thank ye, sir, I will set off. Oh, dear me, after all that ugly fellow has eat and drank at my expense. Why, sir, I bought him a set of shirts.

Plaintiff—"Dowlas, filthy dowlas. I never wore them."

Defendant—Oh, you false feller—but (turning to the jury) do, gentlemen, look at the hinfermous thing as he sent me last woilontine day—read it, gentlemen; look at it, and tell me if my nose is to be called blue—(here the defendant buried her nose in a large bandana, while the commissioner read the following, as well as we could hear amid the laughter:)

TO MRS. MOLLY SLINGSBY.

"My dear Mrs. Slingsby, while trimming your corns,
You planted my bosom with love's little thorns;
And so deeply absorbed was poor Tomkins with you,
That he saw not, and knew not, your nose was so blue.
When you opened your mouth—I relieved you of pain,
And I knock'd out the stumps without profit or gain;
I have scraped, I have filed—I have labored full sore,
But good bye, my old file—for I'll do so no more.

TOMKINS."

Something like order being restored in the court, Mr. Commissioner Dubois, with much humour, condoled with the enraged defendant, who thereupon popped up her blue proboscis, and again commenced upon the faithless corn cutter, but the impression was as effective as the persuasions of Dido were upon Æneas.

There being no reasonable defence, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, and there terminated what may not be inappropriately designated, the affair of the "Slingsby Papers." London Age.

COVENT-GARDEN.—The only novelty at this theatre during the week has been the appearance of Sheridan Knowles in the character of *Mark Antony*, or rather the appearance of *Mark Antony* in the character of Sheridan Knowles. Without being in the slightest degree suspected of any desire to depreciate the talent of this gentleman as a dramatist, we hope that we may be suffered to observe, that this performance was, in our judgment, most droll. We have witnessed nothing half so ludicrous for many a long day.

"Frinds, Roman Catholics—
(*At least so we understood him*)
—lind me your ears:
I come to bury Sasar, not to praise him.
The avil that men do lives afther thim;
The good is ofth intherred with their bones:
So lit it be with Sasar."

If our readers really want a treat, let them go and see the part of it now done in the very choicest Irish by Sheridan Knowles. Having enjoyed that treat ourselves, we are privileged to speak of its merits, although we expect that a far higher treat will be afforded us in a very few days, by the production of his new three act play, which requires—we speak seriously now—but to be worthy of of its author to be immortal. Satirist, of April 16.

A Mr. G. Knight has moved for the appointment of a select Committee to inquire into the management of *first fruits*. We do not precisely see what is to be gained by a Parliamentary inquiry into early gooseberries, but if we can give the honourable member any information on the point we shall be glad to do so. With respect to *first fruits*, we think *unripe gooseberries* are the *first fruit* that appears: they are generally *administered* to little boys, and a hap'orth is about enough to produce a very respectable stomach-ache. We are not aware what other information Mr. G. Knight can require on this fruitful subject. Perhaps he intends to move for returns of all the gooseberry-tarts eaten in England and Wales between the coming in and the going out of gooseberries—with an estimate of all the bad halfpennies tendered by the juveniles for the same within the like period. We are not aware whether this is to be a ministerial question.

One of Sam Crawley's constituents applied to him to procure his son a situation. "Of what description?" asked Sam. "I am not particular," quoth the applicant; "a clerkship in the *Victualling* office would do exceedingly well." "What the devil!" exclaimed Sam, "do you take me for the minister of the *Interior*?"

Spring Rice's response to the Liverpool deputation for a grant of money was rather brief and discouraging. He told them, "as they had made their *bed*, so they must lie on it." "Yes," replied one of the money-hunting applicants, "the bed is comfortable enough—all we want is a *bolster*." The deputation were referred to the bank for that article.

The Earl of Tankerville, the papers state *entertained* the Russian Ambassador a few days back—that graceless cub, Lord Ossulston says, by reading to him certain extracts from the "Pleasures of *Hope*." Lady Tankerville, it is surmised, was listening at the time to "a tale, full of sound and fury," from the lips of the representative of the great Turk!

Gentleman Whips.—The "Age," when driven and horsed by the late Mr. Stevenson, was an object of such admiration at Brighton, that a crowd was every day collected to see it start. Mr. S. was a graduate of Cambridge; but his passion for the *bench* got the better of all other ambitions, and he became a coachman by profession—and it is only justice to his memory to admit that though cut off in the flower of his youth, he had arrived at perfection in *his* art. His education and early habits had not, however, been lost upon him; his demeanor was always that of a gentleman; and it may be fairly said of him, that he introduced the phenomenon of refinement into a stage-coach. At a certain change of horses on the road, a silver sandwich-box was handed to his passengers by his *servant*, accompanied by the offer of a glass of sherry to such as were so inclined. Well-born coachmen prevail on this road. A gentleman connected with the first families in Wales, and whose father long represented his native county in Parliament, horsed and drove one side of the ground with Mr. Stevenson; and Mr. Charles Jones, brother to Sir Thomas Tyrwhit Jones, had a coach on it called the Pearl, which he both horsed and drove himself. The Bognor coach, horsed by the Messrs. Walkers, of Mitchell Grove, and driven in the first style by Mr. John Walker, must also be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers; and Sir Vincent Cotton, one of our oldest Baronets, now drives the Age, having purchased it of Mr. Willan, who drove it, and who now drives the Magnet on the same road. New Monthly Magazine.

Varieties.

Chapman's Floating Theatre.—The "Natchez Herald," a spirited paper just started at Natchitoches, La., by G. W. Reese, Esq., after announcing the arrival of Chapman's Floating Theatre, describes and criticises the members of the aquatic concern in a happy manner. We should think that a theatre of this kind would afford an excellent chance for bringing out *real* water pieces on a magnificent scale. Here is the editor's account of the affair:—

To all who have not yet visited this theatre, we would recommend a visit, where they will see a display altogether novel. The company consists of Mr. Chapman and sons, two daughters and a daughter-in-law, Mr. Hamilton, and several other talented disciples of Thespia. The boat is fitted up in a neat and comfortable manner, for the accommodation of all the company, who seem to live as harmonious and happy as a family without feuds at a summer's retreat—and so they ought, when they enjoy the signal reputation of managing in Mr. Chapman's language, the first and the only steam-boat theatre in the world.

Mr. Chapman has long been known to the friends of the drama, as a good and successful actor. He has reared all his family after his own genius, and many of them are destined to shine in their profession. Miss Caroline Chapman sustains her characters with great beauty and simplicity, neither doing too much nor too little, but always confining herself to the author. Miss Sarah Chapman performs with much energy and effect. Last of all, yet among the first, is Master Henry Chapman, who is, for his age, a prodigy. His singing is very good, and if pains are taken with him, he will soon rival Master Burke, in a different line. Indeed, it would be invidious to particularize much as regards the merits of this steam-propelled corps, as they all perform so well as to give general satisfaction to the audience.

A Chapter on Men and Names in New Orleans.—The city is famous for *Banks*, and there is no want of *Cash* to make deposites; as our merchants are *Good-rich*, and *Hardy*. New Orleans is one of the *Best* cities, having a *Bishop*, *St. John*, the guide *Kirk-man*, and a *Breedlove*; and all live like *Brothers*. The soil of the city also furnishes a *Plant* called *Mullen*; and the *Hawthorn* thrives rapidly as well as the *Nettle* and the *Beach*. The market is well supplied, having plenty of *Drake*, *Bird*, *Bullock*, and *Fish*. There is also a *Lott* of very efficient officers: amongst them a *Squier* and *Sergeant*; and when these cannot satisfy the *Law*, there is a severe old judge who takes rascally loafers out to the *Bridge* (he don't care whether it is on Magazine street, or the Bayou Road), where he will *Lynch* them well, regardless of their *Groaning*. We have also a *War-field* (John Bull has not forgot the 8th of January), and if an enemy ever dares to *Storm* the *Camp*, whether *English* or *French*, we'll give him a *Bullit* to *Chew*. This chapter is rather too *Short*, the next will be *Longer*.

Picayune.

Judicious Extravagance.—The deceased Count Bid, one night at the cider cellar, told a friend that he had intended to leave twenty pounds to be spent at his funeral; which induced the other to ask him if the money was to be spent going or returning? Bid good humoredly replied, "going to be sure, for when you *return* I shant be with you."

The Young Lovers.—To a man who is a little of a philosopher, and a bachelor to boot, and who, by dint of some experience in the follies of life, begins to look with a learned eye upon the ways of man, and the eke of women; to such a man, I say, there is something very entertaining in noticing the conduct of a pair of lovers. It may not be as grave and scientific a study as the loves of the planets; but it is certainly interesting. I have therefore derived much pleasure, since my arrival at the Hall, from observing the fair Julia and her lover. She has all the delightful blushing consciousness of an artless girl, inexperienced in coquetry, who has made her first conquest; while the captain regards her with that mixture of fondness and exultation, with which a young lover is apt to contemplate so beauteous a prize. I observed them yesterday in the garden, advancing along one of the retired walks. The sun was shining with delicious warmth, making great masses of bright verdure and deep blue shade. The cuckoo, that harbinger of Spring, was faintly heard in the distance; the thrush piped from the hawthorn, and the yellow butterfly sported and toyed and fluttered in the air. The fair Julia was leaning on her lover's arm, listening to his conversation, with her eyes cast down, a soft blush upon her cheek, and a quiet smile on her lips, while in the hand that hung negligently by her side was a bunch of flowers. In this way they sauntered along, and when I considered them, and the scene in which they were moving, I could not but think it a thousand pities that the season should ever grow older, or that blossoms should give way to fruit, or that lovers should ever get married. Washington Irving.

SHELLING CORN.—Mr. *Kobb*, of Baltimore county, offers a reward of 50 cents for the apprehension of Jos. *Korn*, his absconding apprentice. We bet 50 cents against corn cob, that Joe is an idle *blade* in *grain*. For a youth of his y(*ears*) to go off like *chaff* and desert his master's *crib*, is really too *Indian*-like, for which the lad deserves a *harrowing*. His master seems to be very *husky* on the subject, and as Joe has *bolted*, it is likely the *thrashing* may come afterwards; which seems to be an inversion of the regular process. Where Joe has thought proper to *stalk*, is not known; perhaps he has determined to *plough* the sea, but as *Korn* is very seldom known to return to the *Kobb*, after it has once left it, we advise the master to *cover over* his resentment, and not to make any *very* faces about the matter. Balt. Express.

Napoleon's Wives.—Between the two wives of Napoleon there existed a great and striking contrast. Josephine was all art and studied elegance, Maria Louisa, all nature and simplicity; the one had something of audacity in her manners, the other a remarkable diffidence, which often approached to timidity; the former had considerable talent, which she delighted to exhibit before a numerous assembly; the latter had an understanding much less brilliant, but at the same time solid for one of her years; Josephine was formed for the applause of the saloon; Maria Louisa for the endearments of domestic life. It is surely singular that the artificial character should be the daughter of a West India planter, and the natural one a princess of the proudest house in Europe. In other respects, both were women of great sweetness of disposition; both fondly devoted to Napoleon.

Musical Dog.—There is a dog in this place said to have a wonderful ear for music. We do not know that he barks more musically than many others of the canine race. But he goes to the singing school regularly, and appears to take great interest in the performances, pricking up his ears, as much as to say—"You see I have an ear for music." He appears to be moved entirely by musical impulses. If any one passes the house singing a tune, he rushes out incontinently, shakes himself, and becomes as docile as a kitten. At sight of a bass viol, he plays all manner of antics. He goes to church as regularly as the most devout, and squats himself near the pulpit, to have a full view of the choir. He heeds the sermon but little, but when the singers commence, he is on all fours very quick, and if he does not keep time with his "paws," the shivering of his frame shows clearly that he is overpowered with unspeakable emotions. When the Wandering Piper was here he was sulky enough, sinking away and curling his tail between his legs—a circumstance which seems to show that he knows what good music is.

Whenever I hear a man talk of his conscience, I get out of his company as fast as I can; or, if that is impossible, by a sort of *involuntary principle* I button up my pockets, and mount guard over them to the best of my ability. Conscience! I confess myself to be much in the same situation, in my experience of it, as the poacher who was surprised *in ipso facto*, by the squire, snaring a hare, and asked how he could in *conscience* commit such a diabolical act of cruelty against an innocent beast of the field, reserved by nature for the amusement of his betters, *first*, as a course for their dogs, and then as a *second course* for their table? To which inquiry Hodge made reply very innocently, "Conscience! Maister?—Whoy, as for that same conscience, it be's a thing I'se often heard of, but I nivir met with ony one as had sgened it yet." The Oracle.

A CHORUS.—One of the "unco guid" lately waited upon a clergyman in the neighbourhood of Newcastle to take him to task for allowing the band in his church to conclude the service with a chorus. Having exhausted his eloquence in declaiming against bands in churches, and hired singers in general, he concluded by asking the Minister to explain to him the meaning of the word 'chorus.'

"No, no, John; you should know better than I do; for you are a far more learned man," said his reverence.

"Nane o' your taunts," quoth John; "gif ye canna explain it, I will. Sir, a chorus is just a phantom o' the fancy—a theatrical wimple—a musical huzza?"

Bennett classes the company who "put up" at some of the most fashionable hotels in New York after this wise:—

The City Hotel for western men—the Franklin House for Boston—the American for gentlemen, and Counts—Horn's for mortgage people—the Washington Hall for sportsmen, and the Astor House for loafers.

"A young lady in Alstead caught a wolf the other day, so perfectly tame, as to suffer himself to be caressed by her." Clairmont N. H. Eagle.

A suspicion has entered the mind of the editor of the Baltimore Transcript that this might have been a "wolf in sheep's clothing," and possibly it might. We read in the scriptures that the "lion shall lie down with the lamb," and why not the wolf also? New Orleans Picayune.

COLLECTOR'S RETURN.—"A very small bill, sir, just"——"My dear sir, *entirely* out of my power; do me the favour to call to-morrow, and I'll tell you *when to call again*." Dedham Patriot.

BODILY STRENGTH.—A friend of ours says he is growing weaker and weaker every day. He has got so now, that he cant *raise* five dollars. Ib.

RARE CHANCE FOR SPECULATION.—A man who has just failed in New York, advertises *his business for sale*.

PLEASANT.—What is more agreeable than to have a man alongside of you in a reading room or elsewhere continually sucking his teeth—thuck—thick—thuck There are such animals about. Portlander.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 3, 1837.

NEW YORK JOCKEY CLUB, SECOND SPRING MEETING.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

The ball was opened with a sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, to which there were six subscribers at $1000 each. The nominations were, Charlotte Russe, own sister to Trifle, owned by Col. Hampton, of S. C., Mr. John C. Stevens' Fanny Wyatt and Dosoris, Capt. Stockton's Langford and Bergen, and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' Mortimer. As two horses cannot start from the same stable, forfeit was paid on Fanny Wyatt (who is turned out) and Bergen; Charlotte Russe would probably have been here, but not being in tip-top condition at the Charleston February meeting, her spirited owner was unwilling to risk the dangers incident to a journey from Carolina. Col. H. purchased her of Col. JOHN HETH, of Virginia, for $5000, in her 2 yr. old form, and has refused $10,000 for her since her race at Columbia, where she won the Plate in a style worthy of her high descent.

Of the three that came to the post to-day, two were known good ones. *Langford*, Capt. Stockton's imported colt, was the favorite at 100 to 80. He was bred by His Majesty, at the Royal Stud, at Hampton Court, and was purchased for Capt. S. by Mr. CORBIN, of Va., at a high figure; so highly pleased is Capt. S. with his performance, that when he sailed from this port for England a few weeks since, he determined to look after some other of Peri's stock. He is thus described by a correspondent of the "Herald."

"*Langford* is a brown, or dark mahogany bay, of the largest class, being nearly if not quite 16 hands high, and of proportionate length, head rather large, yet blood like, with long and silky ears, and a long light neck—shoulder deep with high withers, large ribs, with a deep and capacious chest—back somewhat long, yet arched a little over the fellets; the croup high, quarters of good length, sloping considerably from the croup to the setting on of the tail—the muscle of the thighs large, and thigh bones also large and long—hocks very strong and wide, but they unfortunately have thoroughpins, and the cap of the right or off hock evidently naturally thick and full—the hind legs are strong, but the fore legs and arms are not to our liking, the arms incline inwards too much from the elbow to the knee, and the leg below the knee forks outward; upon the whole he is a large colt, with some great points, especially his shoulders, and deep and capacious chest; yet coarse and void of symmetry."

Dosoris we have before alluded to in these columns, as "a sumptuous looking colt." He was bred by WALTER LIVINGSTON, Esq., and takes his name from the late residence of this renowned turfman, on Long Island. Mr. VAN LEER, the trainer of Mr. Stevens, was out of "condition" himself the greater part of the Spring, and consequently his stable did not show at the First meeting to the advantage it would otherwise have done. His horses were all brought out too high; in his absence they did not get work enough. A writer in the "Herald" gives the annexed description of him and *Mortimer*, a very clever colt of Mr. ROBT. L. STEVENS', who started him with little hopes of his making anything more than a respectable race. And Mr. S. was not disappointed in Mortimer; he only underrated the foot of his opponents.

"*Dosoris* is a chesnut without white marks, about 15 hands and one inch in height, and like most of the get of Henry, made compact, with a somewhat short yet well formed back, the shoulderblades well inclined, and the quarters long, leaving a short saddle seat, technically termed the *sway*. His head good, neck well arched, limbs clean, standing clear and even upon his feet, with little inclination of the pasterns. His step in his walk is quick, somewhat short and elastic, with a pert airy movement. He is in some measure pony made, and what some turfmen would style rather too much of a "dandy horse."

"*Mortimer* is a chesnut, about 15 hands 2 inches high, approaching to what some call a red sorrel, a plain looking horse, with head bordering upon what may be called coarse, his poll open, and ears rather wide apart—his limbs are excellent, but his trunk too light to my mind for a horse of his bone, in height and length he is however a strong colt, with a steady firm step, yet something of a louch in his walk."

The track was in good order, except a few places on the turns, where, near the rails, it was heavy; in running, these "soft places" were avoided by laying well off instead of buckling to the turns, and in consequence the distance run each mile was increased at least 20 yards. The number of spectators was not quite so numerous as might have been expected; still the attendance was very respectable; the jocund sounds from the crowds where "youth and pleasure meet," added to the *coup d'œil* presented when the horses were stripped, afforded a scene in the comedy of life at once picturesque and animating.

"*Dosoris* exhibited very different condition to what he did about three weeks back at the first Spring Meeting; he had got rid of all the 'waste and spare,' and shewed 'every pound prime meat;' he was full of animation, evidently aware of the coming contest, and eager to begin. *Langford* was certainly in great order, such as did credit to Mr. James Van Mater, his trainer, and in the language of Old Arthur, the Talleyrand of the American turf, he was 'a high-conditioned horse.' *Mortimer* looked also well, in whose appearance, if there was a fault, it was that of being too much wasted and drawn up. All three, however, came good to the post. The call for the horses being made, and the order to mount being given, *Langford* came up with Dick Valentine upon his back, Jack Hartman upon *Dosoris*, and next came *Mortimer*, with Gil Patrick."

A diverting *faux pas* occurred in the first attempt to start. The duty of starting the horses was entrusted to that respected and time-honored veteran of the turf, Maj. JONES. The entries were called up—"took open order," head and head, and got away, but the worthy Major was so wrought upon by the excitement of the moment, that though he had the drum under his arm, and the stick in his uplifted hand, he absoultely forgot to give the signal tap as the horses got away, and they were consequently obliged to "about face" and retrace their steps. At length they got away in a cluster at a rattling pace, Langford at the gate nearly pulling little Dick Hartman out of his seat as he threw himself into stride and took the lead. Mortimer and Dosoris were now taken in hand; the set-to had not yet begun. As they neared the hill, Gil Patrick, on Mortimer, crept up on the blind side of Dick, challenged, and drew out in front. He was going sweetly up the quarter stretch when Langford put his head for home at a racing pace, and came away, cutting down Mortimer, who had expended his ammunition, in half a dozen strides. He kept up his rate in gallant style past the stand—around the turn, and down the back-stretch, until they came to the hill, when Jack Hartman on Dosoris came the Sam Chifney over the imported colt. Here Dosoris came up with a rush, and a sharp rally ensued. They were now in earnest; it was go along every yard. They came round the last corner neak and neck, at a pace that kills. Langford wanted a strong bracing pull as he got into straight work, but Dick Valentine, a mere lad, who carried 20 lbs. dead weight, had not the strength, and Dosoris measured off the quarter stretch with seven league boots. The struggle was desperate to the last, but Dosoris came in ahead by about a length, winning one of the best contested races ever made over the Union Course, in the extraordinary time of 3:44.

All three blowed out strong, and cooled off finely, exhibiting no symptom of distress. Langford, who had been backed heavily at 10 to 8, and in some instances at 10 to 7, was now sent to the right about, and Dosoris had the call.

They got a capital start for the second heat; there was "no mistake in the Major this time." Langford at the gate threw himself out, and again led the dance down the back-stretch. It was hammer and tongs with them to the hill, where Dosoris, looking ripe for mischief, ran up and lapped him. They came up the straight run home at a flight of speed, Jack Hartman tugging away at Dosoris' head until his neck was bent half double, while Langford's last link was out. Dosoris overshot him as they passed the stand half a length, but pulled to him as he buckled to the turn, and they came upon the back-stretch in a dead lock. Mortimer here tried it on when he should have made his run earlier, but the pace was not to his liking, and at the hill he gave back, and at the finale was "no where," while the other two maintained their stride to the ascent, where Langford declined, and Dosoris dropped him, and drew out clear in front. Botting him up for a final struggle, Dick Valentine took a pull upon Langford until they came for the last time upon the straight side up to the stand, when he set to work in sporting style. The rowels were laid in—claret was tapped, and his whip-hand at work, but the tremendous burst of the first heat, unaided by the judicious support of a vigorous arm, left not a run in him. Dosoris could not be caught, but making strong running to the last jump, came home two or three lengths ahead, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of both winners and losers, having most triumphantly established his reputation as one of the best 4 yr. olds Long Island has ever brought to the post, as we declared him to be months since, and got laughed at for our pains.

The time of this heat was 3:56. A more honest, true-run race, few have ever witnessed. Had the track been in first-rate order, so that the horses could have hugged the pole, instead of running on its outer edge, the time would have been nearer 3:40 than 3:44. However, 3:44 is "glory enough" for Dosoris, just now; when this time is beaten, perhaps he will try again. No horse of his age, carrying equal weight, has ever beaten it a second, in this country, within our recollection. Langford has acquired fresh laurels by his race; with a jockey on his back that rode full weight, he would have made a very different race from that of to-day. We do not mean to be understood that had he been rode with a good strong bracing pull, the result might have been reversed, but the time of the 2d heat would have been better by several seconds. He is every inch a race horse, and a good one, and it will be a mighty tight place for anything wearing horse hair, in the same field where he is entered.

The Sweepstakes for untried 3 yr. olds did not come off, three other nominations paying forfeit to Mr. Van Mater's. We annex a summary of the day's business.

TUESDAY, May 30, 1837.—*Union Course, L. I.*—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 104lbs. fillies 101bs. Sub. $1000 each, $250 ft. Six subs. Two mile heats.

John C. Stevens' ch. c. *Dosoris*, by Henry, dam (the dam of Goliah) by a brother of Sir Walter, out of Young Maid of the Oaks, by Imp. Expedition..[*John Hartman*]	1	1
John R. Thompson's (Capt. R. F. Stockton's) Imp. br. c. *Langford*, by Starch, out of Peri, (the dam of Sir Hercules)	2	2
Robt. L. Stevens' ch. c. *Mortimer*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Ogle's Oscar, by Imp. Gabriel	3	dis

Time, 3:44—3:56.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit. Four subs. Mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's gr. f. *Orange Bud*, by Orange Boy, out of Helen Mar, by Rattler, received forfeit from John C. Stevens' bl. f. *Ethiopia*, by Dashall, dam by Imp. Expedition; T. Pearsall's gr. c. by Childers, out of Gulnare, and R. L. Stevens' s. c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.

SECOND DAY.

The weather was fine, but very warm; the attendance was not very general of the citizens of Gotham, but the stands were occupied by a great number of distinguished turfmen and strangers from abroad.

The purse of $300, for two mile heats, brought to the post Mr. Stevens' *Tom Moore*, with Gilbert Patrick on his back, and Mr. Van Mater's *Manalopan*, with John Sparling up. The odds were 2 to 1 on Tom, who was in tip top condition for a bruising race. The grey horse was about right, though tucked up in the flank, and drawn a shade too fine to our notion.

Manalopan had the track, but as they got away, Tom went off at a racing pace, took it from him at the gate, and carried on the running down the back-stretch at his ease, with something to spare in hand. Manalopan never reached him until they passed the hill on the 2d mile, where he ran up and challenged, but after running with him head and tail for 200 yards, Gil. Patrick gave Tom his head, and he dropped him, though going under whip and spur, and came away home at his ease, winning the heat in 3:50 by two clear lengths.

The odds were now 10 and 15 to 1 on Tom, and no takers. It was a sure thing if he did not fall down. We could not help laughing at the expedient of a Southern turfman on the ground to procure some change. Observing a friend with some specie, he bet him a $20 note against $1 62½ in specie, and won it of course.

The 2d heat was devoid of interest, Tom Moore having it all his own way, leading off at three parts speed, outfooting the other down the back-stretch and up the hill, and so throughout the 1st mile and a half, when Manalopan shut up, and Tom left him, coming in well in hand several lengths ahead, making the time of the heat 4 minutes.

Immediately after the purse race, came off a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to which there were seven subscribers, at $1000 each, $250 forfeit, Mile heats. Two paid, namely, Col. Hampton's imported filly *Emily*, who was in South Carolina, and Mr. Neill's own brother to Post Boy, untried, one of the finest looking colts we have lately seen, being a beautiful blood bay, in high racing form, and of fine size.

The other five nominations that came to the post were Mr. Gibbons' bl. c. *Shadow*, Capt. Stockton's b. f. *Margaret*, Mr. Robt. Stevens' b. f. by Nullifier, Mr. Tillotson's ch. c. by Henry, and Mr. John Stevens' b. c. by Lance. The latter was the favorite against any named colt; Shadow was also in some request. They were all in pretty good condition, Margaret and Mr. Tillotson's Henry colt being the least so. Mr. Stevens' colt by Nullifier had the track, Margaret being on the outside.

After a false start, in which Shadow and the Lance colt ran half way round the course before they could be restrained, they came up together, and a more beautiful start we never saw. Shadow jumped off with the lead, and made the running from the score at a rattling pace, the Lance colt laying well up, and the others in a ruck behind. Shadow had the foot of the lot, and coming out of the melee two lengths in front, maintained his stride from end to end—was never caught, and won easily by two lengths, Margaret 2d, she having passed the whole field, one after the other, at a cracking rate; no one was shut out, though the heat was run in 1:52

The second heat was better contested than the first. Shadow again took his place in front, and led off in gallant style, the little blue jacket on the Lance colt keeping him up to his rate for half a mile, when he declined, and the Nullifier fillly went up and tried it on. The pace mended on the semi-circle, and as they came upon the straight run home, a sharp rally ensued. Whip-hands and heels were busy, but the Nullifier filly and Shadow cut out the work for a hundred yards, when the black colt "cast his *Shadow* before," gradually shook off the field, and came away home like a rocket, with something to spare in hand, winning the heat and the stakes ($5500, his own included,) in 1:54. The record stands thus:—

WEDNESDAY, May 31.—Purse $300, free for all, 3 yr. olds taking up 90lbs.—4. 101—5, 114—6, 121, and aged horses 126lbs., mares, fillies, and geldings being allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Robert L. Stevens' s. h. *Tom Moore*, by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh, got by Gabriel Oscar, out of Cinderella, by Duroc. 6 yrs.[*Gilbert Patrick*]	1	1
Joseph H. Van Mater's gr c. *Manalopan*, by Medley, out of Betsey Richards, by John Richards, 4 yrs.	2	2

Time, 3:50—4:00.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies; weights as on Tuesday; sub. $1000 each, $250 ft. Seven subs. Mile heats.

Wm. Gibbons' bl. c. *Shadow*, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch, by Virginian.[*James Thornton*]	1	1
Robt. L. Stevens' b. f. by Nullifier, out of Polly Hopkins, by Virginian	3	2
John C. Stevens' b. c. by Lance, out of Charlotte Temple, by Sir Archy	4	3
Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. f. *Margaret*, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, by Duroc.	2	4
Robt. Tillotson's ch. c. by Henry, out of Medoc's dam, by Imp. Expedition	5	dis

Time, 1:52—1:54.

THIRD DAY.

Another fine day, the first "in the leafy month of June," but hot as mustard, and any quantity of dust. The field and stands presented a more gay and animated appearance, the capital entries for the purse attracting the Gothamites in crowds, just as RITCHINGS' benefit will to-night at the Park, for which Miss CLIFTON, WALLACK, and several other good ones, are in nomination.

The purse of $500, Three mile heats, brought out a fine field. *Bergen*, the first entry, is a dark iron grey, and one of the best of Medley's get; to our notion, he was drawn a shade too fine; he had Gil. Patrick up. *Champaigne*, another grey, a Medley, and a Jersey colt likewise, came next in order, with John Sparling across the pig skin. An own brother to Alice Grey followed, a *Reindeer* in speed and name; he is a superb chesnut, and having on his back Charles Yetter, Robin Hood's old jockey, he was truly a dangerous horse. Willis, upon *Atalanta*, revived associations of victories lost and won by North and South, that imparted new interest to the race; her late defeat at Baltimore, however, had evidently told upon her, her eye looking dull, and her action betokened soreness. Jim Jewell, in Mr. Gibbons' livery, (yellow, out and out,) had the honor of throwing his leg over *Tarquin*, who was hardly up to the mark, his flesh being soft, and his barrel or chest loose and distended.

When the entries were declared at the Club table the evening previous, offers to take 100 to 50 on Tarquin against the field were current. The parties could not get on at that price, and after some consultation a like offer was made about Atalanta. Bergen was in considerable force until Reindeer's friends grew sweet upon their nag, and "when the ring broke up," the Southern mare Atalanta had the call, Tarquin being a huckleberry lower in the scale of prices.

At one o'clock the horses were called up, and took their places as we have named them above, Bergen having the track, and Tarquin the outside. Half a dozen unsuccessful attempts were made to get an even start, mainly owing to the absurd system of starting practised here, and over-reaching eagerness on the part of some of the trainers. Instead of making the jockies take their horses several yards below the Judges' stand, and walk in line up to it, they are permitted to station themselves right in front of it, turn their horses' heads or sides (and now and then their tails,) in any way but the proper direction, and get away with a kind of demi-volt, all at sixes and sevens, *after* which the drum is tapped, if some two or three are not left standing still behind. If a single horse stands quietly, his jockey awaiting the signal, the chances are, by the present system, that he will lose 20 or 30 yards, and possibly 60, in the start; several instances of the nature alluded to will readily occur to those who have attended the races this week. Horses become restive, and their tempers, like those of their owners, suffer more wear and tear from these false starts than most people are aware of; they generally end in this, that those who appear determined to "do things on the square" get the worst of it.

The lot at length got off, Atalanta 20 yards ahead, but Willis forthwith took her in hand, and Bergen went in front with a slashing stroke, the other grey 2d, and Reindeer 5th. Bergen carried on the running to the hill, where Tarquin ran up to and cut down Champaigne, and collared Bergen. Champaigne did not appear to like such a rebuff, and neither did John Sparling, for he clapped in both gaffs, and got him into stride, working away like an augur in a nine inch plank. After a deal of coaxing, he brought him up side and side with Tarquin and the Jersey crack; the set-to between the three was terrific. Tarquin was thrown off round the turn, but recovered his place when he came upon straight work, and outfooted Champaigne up to the stand. Bergen appeared to have the race in hand as he led past, but Reindeer now stole up, and running in difficulty for at least a distance, never caught him until they got well down the back-stretch on the 2d mile, and even then he would have been beaten off had not his heart been made of the true metal. Atalanta, who had been going strong in hand, now went up and mended the pace, Tarquin having declined and changed places with Champaigne. Willis relieved her up the hill, to make a determined brush on the semi-circle; he lapped the two greys at the last turn, but here the mare gave back, as having nothing to do with the heat, and Reindeer took it up, and placed himself 3d at the termination of the 2d mile, Bergen leading, with Champaign well up, and Tarquin 5th. The first division maintained its order of running to the half mile post, nothing decisive showing itself until Champaigne's cork flew out, and Tarquin, by making up a wide gap, got once more into good company, though his chance for the heat was "a very scant pattern." Bergen was in trouble at the hill, and Reindeer began to look like a winner in earnest. The two here singled themselves out, and run a match home, Reindeer having clearly the worst of it until the two came inside the draw-gate, where he came in front, made a tremendous effort, and won by nearly a length in 5:48½, Tarquin 3d, Atalanta 4th, and Champaigne 5th.

Atalanta blowed a little after the heat, and did not perspire so freely as Arthur Taylor could have wished, and Champaigne's sides, poor fellow, showed but too plainly he had tasted the steel. Tarquin and Bergen cooled out well, neither appearing to be distressed by the severity of the burst, nor was Reindeer. The orders separately given to the three regarding the second heat, were such that they took the responsibility of following as they understood them.

After three or four balks, the signal tap on the drum is heard, and Champaigne's bottle is broken short off at the neck, by his losing 30 yards in the start. It resulted in his being distanced, and as he was of no account in the race afterwards, he may as well be dismissed at once. Tarquin went forward and cut out the work, "down the outside" and "up the middle" at a murderous rate, Willis upon Atalanta running so close a second as to make Jim Jewell feel very uneasy, as he led past the stand. Jim let out a link at the gate, without reflecting that "'tis the pace that kills," as he found out at the hill, where Atalanta challenged and passed. Bergen, here, too, came up in the most gallant manner, and collared Tarquin, who found himself in a tight place, though he overreached the grey colt more than a neck—that is a racing neck, and not such a neck as the Isthmus of Suez. At the close of the mile, (the 2d), Atalanta was first, and Tarquin second, with something in hand. Here Reindeer was called upon, and nobly did he "come to time." He first charged upon Bergen at a killing pace, and shaking him off, after a desperate struggle, got up to Tarquin, Gil Patrick suddenly jerking up his horse as if the distance stand was twenty yards farther from the Judges' than it should have been. As the three—Atalanta, Tarquin and Reindeer came to the hill in this order, the pace was terrific. When they reached the summit the three were abreast, neck and neck, and going at a flight of speed. "The race is mine, if I can live to the turn," thought Willis, as he took a hasty glance at his rivals. Jim Jewell, "calm as a summer's morning," was finessing to get a pull at his horse to save him for the straight run home, while Charles bethought him of his bygone triumphs, and felt Reindeer going sweetly under him. He saw the trick of Willis, and that Jim Jewell was meditating mischief. But one chance, a desperate one, remained. He must give them no respite—no let up, or his chance was out. No sooner conceived than done. Catching his horse by the head, with a taste of the steel, he gave him a push *a la Chiffney*, that cleared him of Atalanta as they came to the turn, but not so of Tarquin. Jim was ready and his horse willing, and he brought him up with a rush that Alfred Highflyer would have pronounced "a fastish thing," but Reindeer's superior condition told, and he was never headed, though Tarquin made strong running to the stand, and lost the heat by a scant length. Time 5:49—but half a second more than the previous heat!

Immediately subsequent to the race for the purse, came off a Sweepstakes, free for all ages, for which there were three nominations, Moss Rose, Pervis, and Wicked Dick. The grey mare was the favorite "all to pieces;" the only speculation about the other two being upon the fact of which would be distanced first. The race is readily described. Charles Sparling, on Moss Rose, took the lead from the score—got away from his horses in 100 yards from the gate—and finally landed her in the most gallant manner at the finish, half a dozen lengths a-head, under a hard pull, in 1:55. The 2d heat was ditto ditto, except that Mr. Van Mater, having called out to Charles to "let her go," Moss Rose ran the 2d heat in 1:51½, at her ease, distancing Wicked Dick, and giving Pervis quite enough of it to save his own.

Thisd day's sport is thus summed up.—

THURSDAY, June 1.—Purse $500, free for all; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Thomas Pearsall's ch. h. *Reindeer*, (own brother to Alice Grey), by Henry, out of Sportsmistress, by Hickory, 6 yrs.[*Charles Yetter*]	1	1
Wm. Gibbons' (G. T. Wilson's) br. h. *Tarquin*, by Henry, out of Ostrich, by Eclipse, 6 yrs.	3	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. *Atalanta*, by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood, by Rattler, 5 yrs.	4	3
Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. c. *Bergen*, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace, by Sir Archy, 4 y	2	dis
Joseph H. Van Mater's gr. c. *Champaigne*, by Medley, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 4 yrs...	5	dis

Time, 5:48½—5:49.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Sweepstakes for all ages; same weights as before; sub. $200 each, with $100 added by the Proprietors. Mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's gr. m. *Moss Rose*, by Lance, dam by Hickory, grandam by Imp. Expedition, aged.[*Charles Sparling*]	1	1
Adam Strong's s. h. *Pervis*, by Adam, (son of Duroc,) dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.	3	2
Jerome Snedeker's s. h. *Wicked Dick*, by Grey Roman, out of Milkmaid, 6 yrs.	2	dis

Time, 1:55—1:51½.

FOURTH DAY.

The entries for the purse of $1000, Four mile heats, consisting of Mingo, Post Boy, African, Mary Blunt, and Gypsey, brought a more numerous assemblage of company to the course to-day than has been seen for some years. No less than 101 cars came up to the course from the South Ferry before 1 o'clock, filled and covered with "the cognoscenti." The roads radiating from the course were fairly alive with carriages and pedestrians up to the hour of starting, and when the horses were called up, there could not have been less than fifteen thousand persons on the ground. The public and Club stands were filled to repletion, while the enclosed space in front, and the Ladies' Pavillion absolutely swarmed with people. A triple row of carriages formed a dense mass along the straight run in front on both sides of the Judges' stand, and fences, tops of carriages, and indeed every elevated position were thronged with myriads of anxious spectators. It was a proud day for Long Island, and one that will go down through all time as a memorable one in the annals of the American Turf. Among those present, the Club were happy to recognize many a gallant turfman from the South, and a bevy of ladies, whose radiant beauty and sunny smiles imparted increased interest and a chastened influence to the manly sports of the day. Old England had here a chivalrous representative of her army and her

national pastime in the person of a spirited Baronet, and half modern Europe was represented by barons, counts, and other dignitaries. On behalf of our own gallant Navy, appeared COMMODORE RIDGELY, the president of our Club. Gen. IRVINE, the president of the Camden and Philadelphia Club, was the dignified representative of the Army. "The Government" was, to be sure, not here in the person of Amos the postman, but we had Post Boy and a son of the President, which was much better. Indeed, we had not only "all the world and his wife," but pretty much all the specimens of the white man. The citizens of New York evinced by their presence the deep interest felt in the sports of the turf, and the immense number in attendance clearly evidences their readiness to give the Club their hearty co-operation and support.

The following horses came to the post in the order named: *African*, with Jim Gloster up—*Mingo*, backed by "Sammy's Jack"—*Post Boy*, with Jim Jewell up—*Mary Blunt*, with a second Willis on her back, in the shape of little John Hartman, and *Gipsey*, jockied by Gill Patrick, the game chicken. Such a field never started before on the Union Course; there was not a bad one in the lot; two had been distinguished winners in desperate contests, and two were "cracks," the terror of whose names was wont "to fright the souls of fearful adversaries." Post Boy was the favorite against the field, until late in the morning. After the horses were stripped, the odds were 3 to 2 on the field vs. any named horse. As for the others, the average prices were about 4 to 1 against Mary Blunt, 5 to 1 vs. Gipsey or African, and 10 to 1 vs. Mingo, his recent defeat in the mud at Camden having nearly driven him out of the market. Having always been "a Mingo man," we took occasion as soon as we heard of his arrival at his lodgings, to call and pay our respects, and were most courteously received. Our enquiries after his health were satisfactorily answered; his appetite was not the least impaired by his run at Camden, which operated rather to his advantage. His flesh was firm, his coat like satin, and his general action and appearance animated to a degree. Some of our good natured friends had been poking fun at us, on our being obliged to place that little abreviation "*dist.*" that tells so much, opposite his name in our report of Lady Cliffden's victory, and offered to take 6 to 1 we should have to repeat the ungracious duty to-day. We squirmed a little, until we had examined him thoroughly, and what followed they wont be anxious to blab. To our great surprise and regret, offence was taken by a few of Post Boy's friends last year, at our expressing an opinion as to the relative merits of *John Bascombe* and himself. How John helped us out of that scrape, is a matter of history; but when we presumed to hint that if *Mingo* ever caught him when both were right, we should see another edition of the Bascombe affair, there was a terrible outcery. We happened to know that Mingo twice came to the Island "to beard the Douglas in his hall," and twice was Post Boy entered without coming to the post, so that we had some grounds for believing that he avoided him. The owners of Post Boy, we presume, like sensible gentlemen as they are, let the matter go for what it was worth, which was not much, and there it rested. It is a subject of great delicacy to touch upon, to speak of horses likely to come together, or between whom any rivalry exists, and whenever we have done so, we have kept this fact in view. But the bugle sounds and we must saddle and lead up.

First Heat.—They got off at the signal nearly together, Post Boy going up to the head of the class at the entrance of the backstretch, when African came out of the crowd and kept him company to the hill, and then shot past, carrying on the running at a wretched pace to the stand. Mingo who was going, of course, hard in hand, now came up, and the pace mended. Post Boy outfooted African up the hill, and handed him along gallantly to the gate, where he drew out in front, but the game little colt collared him at the stand—ran with him 100 yards and dropped him. The pace began to grow severe; Post Boy let out a link and Mingo waited upon him to the hill, where he was taken in hand, Jack having such hard work to restrain him, that in sawing him injudiciously, he pulled the bits right through his mouth, the head straps being let out too long.—[Those who remember the accident that befel *Argyle* on the eve of his race with Bascombe can appreciate the possible consequences of so critical a situation; fortunately the horse was not wounded, though he ran out the heat with one of the side straps in his mouth, Jack having no control over him]. As the three entered upon the last mile, Mingo being at liberty, went up with a rush, and a severe rally ensued; they now were neck and neck at the hill, nothing else having a chance or making a stroke for the heat. The pace was now too good to last; as African got upon the straight run home in front, Post Boy declined and Mingo caught up the running, and nailing African at the critical moment, headed him and came away like a rocket, beating him up to the stand by a length. The three last miles were run in 5:48, the time of the first mile 2:13.

It was anybody's race now; Mingo was worried a little, probably from the accident alluded to, but he finally came round, dried well, and looked ripe for mischief. African blowed out strong, and Post Boy did not seem distressed.—Mary Blunt and Gipsey now came into the market, and the Southern mare was backed freely at 1 to 3 vs. the field, and 3 to 2 vs. any named nag.

Second heat.—They went away at an indifferent pace, African taking it upon himself to cut out the work this heat also, until he reached the half-mile post, when his owner had him taken in hand, and Post Boy and Gipsey came in front, with Mary Blunt 3d. Gipsey disliked the pace, and soon fell back upon Mary, while Post Boy led down the backside several lengths a-head. As they came to the draw-gate, some blackguard must needs run across the track, but "he caught it," for African, who was making strong running, hit him, and knocked him heels over head quite out of the track, back into the field where he started from. African was considerably jarred, and his shoulder was sensibly affected by the shock, throughout the race. The rowdy thimble-rigger might have had a bone broke, but we did not hear it was the bone of his neck; they understand that best at Bellevue! It was not until the last quarter of the 3d mile that anything like running was made. Here Mingo passed Gipsey, and creeping up to Mary, was ungallant enough to give her the go by; stealing the inside track of Post Boy, he was let loose and collared him at once, while Mary, relying on her foot, came up on the outer side, thus getting Post Boy into a mighty tight place. A tremendous brush down the back-side was the consequence, and a more beautiful sight was never presented. The three were locked, and moved as if harnessed abreast, save that they were going at a flight of speed that elicited enthusiastic cheers. In going up the hill Post Boy's strength and foot gave him an advantage, which he seized and held until they came upon straight work up the run home, where Mingo and Mary came away at quarter horse speed, cutting him down as if he stood still, the Southern mare finally winning the heat after a desperate struggle, Mingo 2d, and the others pulling up within the distance. Time of the heat 8:25; the two last miles were ran in about 3:47.

Post Boy's chance being out, his friends now hedged by taking Mary Blunt against the field. Gipsey was out of the market, and African grew in favor, his indomitable courage and game having excited the admiration of all. Mingo was in little demand, and offers to take 4 to 1 against him went a-begging, though his limited number of friends did "a stiff business" at that price, and would have done more if the 35 minutes' time between the heats had been extended, those who were in the secret laying it on thick. The boys are up, and the horses eager for a contest second only in interest and importance to that between *Eclipse* and *Henry*.

Third Heat.—The signal tap that sent off the others at a very moderate pace left African 30 yards behind, but little Jem Gloster, a Sam Day junior, hugging the pig-skin and the pole, gave his horse a stab, and the noble animal at once "justified his training" by recovering a front place; he led the field up the hill, where the pace improving, the tailing commenced. John Hartman had Mary Blunt in hand, reserving her for a b ush in the last mile, but the severity of the pace was such that it was go along every inch; Mingo was going sweetly and ready to be called upon at the critical moment. The race evidently lay between the two, for Post Poy and African were killing themselves by their prodigious efforts, and Gypsey was already beaten off a distance. The black led the field, frequently by half a dozen lengths, Post Boy running a good second, while Mary and Mingo waited upon them, keeping a sharp eye to the movements of each other. Up to near the termination of the third mile African led at a murderous stroke, but as they came inside the gate Mingo caught him, challenged and headed him like the wind. Jack Hartman could wait no longer, and made up his mind to do or die. The bounds of the nonpareil he so gracefully bestrode indicated her claim to the consideration of her friends as the fleetest of the fast in the Old Dominion. She made her brush at the half mile post on the backside and caught Mingo at the hill. The set too was eminently beautiful. The hopes and fears of thousands were centered in those magnificent animals, whose motions rivalled a gazelle's in grace and speed. The most intense excitement prevailed. As Mary drew out a neck in front, "100 to 50 she wins the heat" some one offered, but it was unheeded. Mingo's terrible stroke soon brought him up to her like lightning, and as they swung around the turn and dropped into the quarter stretch they were head and head. They are both out and the struggle is deadly. "The mare has him!" exclaims a Virginian in ecstasy. "Has he, by ——," replies a Jerseyman in an agony of excitement. "Go it, Mingo!" "Hurrah for Old Virginia." "See there—he's got her dead!" "Your spurs, Jack, your spurs!" "Here they are, hurrah!" echoes from the lower end of the stand. The shouts increase. "Hurrah for Mingo"—"she can't come it"—Mingo wins by a length—"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" made the welkin ring for miles around. The race is over, and every other horse in the field distanced.

The time of the heat, as given by the officer appointed by the Judges, was 7:47, the best third heat ever made in America. It was a most astonishing performance, for though the time of the two previous heats in the aggregate is slow for the Union Course, it must be recollected that the three last miles in the first heat, and the two last in the second, were as well contested and run in as good time as the third. Several gentlemen who are accounted accurate timers, and are well known on the turf, made the time of the last heat 7:45; and of the dozen gentlemen standing around us in the Club stand, who timed the heat, not one made it 7:46.

Among those of his friends who were first to congratulate Gen. IRVINE upon his success, was Col. JOHNSON, of Virginia. Gen. I. is a breeder of sixteen year's experience, and he long since determined to devote a portion of his leisure and wealth to the improvement of blooded stock until such time as he could have the proud satisfaction of bringing before the public a horse bred by himself that should be unrivalled in beauty and unmatched in performance. Such an one is Mingo, and the gallant General was on all hands, and by all parties, most cordially greeted upon the consummation of his wishes.

The time of each mile of the three heats we should be glad to publish, if a record was kept by any gentleman. We saw Mingo two hours after his tremendous race, and found him in fine spirits, discussing a late dinner, with as much gusto as an epicure at Delmonico's.

The entertainments of the day closed with a comedy in four acts. There were seven subscribers to a Sweepstakes, Mile heats, in which two paid. The five that came to the post were Bonny Black, Lady Hope, Mortimer, Henry Clinton, and Shepherdess, and a prettier mile race we never saw. Shepherdess led off from the score at a rattling pace, but Bonny Black caught her at the hill, ran with her to the last turn, where Mortimer and Lady Hope both challenged, and the four came to the stand together, Lady Hope winning by six inches, and a dead heat between Mortimer and Shepherdess, and Bonny Black 4th, by about a throat-latch! It was a beautiful race. Lady Hope ought to have won easyly, and would, had not the darkie that rode her been so drunk that he fell off after passing the stand. Lady Hope sobered him a little by rolling him over and over about twenty times, in half that number of seconds. As the boy brought his weight to scales, the filly was not ruled out, though a new jockey got up.

Mortimer now went in front and cut out the work—was never caught, and won the heat by a length from Bonny Black, who took up the running the 3d heat, went straight away from the field, and was handsomely landed by John Hartman, half a do zen lengths in advance. In the fourth heat he repeated the dose.

FRIDAY, June 2—Jockey Club Purse $1000, free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) b. h. *Mingo*, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett, by Thornton's Rattler, 6 yrs. [*Jack*]	1	2	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. f. *Mary Blunt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs	3	1	2
John C. Stevens' bl. c. *African*, by Imp. Valentine, out of Ethelinda, by Marshal Bertrand, 4 yrs	2	3	dis
Hamilton Wilkes' ro. m. *Gipsey*, by Eclipse, out of Medoc's dam, by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs	5	4	dis
Robt. Tillotson's ch. h. *Post Boy*, by Henry, out of Garland, by Duroc, 6 yrs	4	5	dis

Time, 8:01—8:25—7:47, the best 3d heat ever made in America.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes free for all ages; weights as before; sub each, with $100 added by the Proprietors; 7 subs. Mile heats. $20

John C. Stevens' bl. f. *Bonny Black*, by Imp. Valentine, out of Helen Mar, by Rattler, 4 yrs. [*John Hartman*]	4	2	1	1
Robt. L. Stevens' ch. c. *Mortimer*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 4 yrs	0	1	2	2
Wm. Gibbons' b. f. *Lady Hope*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs	1	3	3	3
Daniel Abbot's b. m. *Shepherdess*, by Lance, dam not given, 5 yrs	0	dr		
C. J. Snediker's s. c. *Henry Clinton*, by Henry, dam omitted	dis			

Time, 1:50½—1:54—1:56—2:02.

Thus ended the day's sport, and better and more of it we neither desire or expect to see. A few weeks since we promised our friends of the "race-horse regions" down about Mississippi, Kentucky, Tennessee, and along shore about Carolina and Georgia, that if we had good weather for this meeting, we should show them some time that would be hard to beat. Have we kept it gentlemen. We further remarked that Mr. STEVENS had the four best colts of that age ever brought out in one string on the Island. What think you of it now, gents.? And then there's Mr. GIBBONS' Shadow, that we marked as one of the 10 best in the Dorsey Stakes. He did not go to Baltimore, but he won here in time that would have made him a troublesome customer, don't you think?—only 5 seconds less each heat. And you unbelievers in Mingo and the Spirit of the Times, "where be your jibes now?"

Several challenges passed, and Matches were made at the Club table, that we must postpone until another week, having already kept our paper open and our compositors at work until 8 o'clock this morning, that our readers should receive the earliest possible report of one of the most brilliant and attractive meetings ever convened by the New York Jockey Club.

TRENTON RACES.

The campaign north of "Mason and Dixon's" line closes next week, with a race on Friday, the Four mile Purse, over the Eagle Course. The meeting commences on Tuesday, and from the large number of Southern horses which will be in attendance there, the sport must be of the very best sort. All our turfmen will be there, and thousands of amateurs from Philadelphia. It should be borne in mind that the accommodations at Trenton are all that could be desired for a race meeting in June. We allude to the covered stands, and the "refreshment for man and beast."

P. S. At 4 o'clock this morning, as we were writing our report of yesterday's races, a clattering of hoofs attracted our attention, and looking out of the window, we espied half a dozen racers on their way past our office, for Trenton. The boys set on by Jack Hartman, were for giving three cheers for the "Spirit of the Times." Luck to 'em.

There is to be a great show of TROTTING Cattle, too, there. See programme of the meeting on last page.

MATCH, SIR WILLIAM vs. INDEPENDENCE.

BATESVILLE, (Ark.) May 5, 1837.

DEAR P.,—The star of *Sir William* is in the ascendancy. The match between *Independence* and him came off yesterday, and resulted as follows:—

First heat—Independence won under a pull. 2d heat—Sir William won by four feet. 3d heat—Sir William won by four feet. Independence was rode by PHIL throughout. HILARY MITCHELL rode Bill the first heat; in the 2d and 3d heats he was jockied by his brother.

In the 2d heat, Independence led until the turn of the last stretch, when Bill passed him on the inside, and run inside of where *the polls* should have been. He was clearly polled, though the Judges, (good and honorable men, but unacquainted with turf racing,) gave him the heat. A fouler race is not on record. "Pete Whetstone" told me the "day was dead" when the Big Mitchell mounted, for "foul play was the word." Track 150 yards two feet short of a mile. Time, 1st heat—1st mile, 1:45—2d mile, 1:56—3:41; 2d heat—1st mile, 1:48—2d, 1:59—3:47; 3d heat—1st mile, 1:50—2d, 1:58—3:48. Independence carrying 101 lbs.—7 lbs. over his weight. 4:02—4:09—4:10 would have been the time if the mile had been full. Track rather heavy.

"Pete" dropped his pile, and was sour as vinegar. He says he will make some of them smell hell yet with the "*Bussing coon.*" He says he could have stood the race, but the landlord of the "Green Tree" used him right up—$2 50 a day for man and horse; nothing but "corn dodgers for the former, and no fodder or "rub down once a day" for the latter. The last I saw of "Pete," he was hunting a bacon rind, to grease the tavern, for the purpose of making the dogs eat it up. He says he is going to give you a small sprinkle about, prehaps one of the greatest fights. Tru'y yours, N.

FREDERICKSBURG (Va.) SPRING RACES,

Over the new *Mulberry Course*, commenced on the 23d of May, and continued four days. Our correspondents and a report in the Fredericksburg "Advocate" enables us to compile the one which follows:—

TUESDAY, May 23, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies, 83lbs. each, h. ft. Four subs. Mile heats. Sub. $100

Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. by Henry, out of Janet, by Sir Archy	2	1	1
Wm. Williamson's ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Lady Greensville	1	2	2

Time, 1:57—2:01—2:05.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—For a splendid Saddle and Bridle, a single mile.

Won by Col. Wm. L. White's horse, not named, in 1:56; 5 started. Particulars unknown, the entries being *cocktails* probably.

WEDNESDAY, May 24.—Purse $250, ent. $15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged horses, 124lbs., with a deduction of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. *Charles Carter*, by Lance, dam by Ragland's Diomed, 4 yrs	1	1	
Col. John P. White's ch. m. *Virginia Timberlake*, by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Robinson, 5 yrs	2	2	
Capt. Y. N. Oliver's ch. f. by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs	3	*	
John C. Claiborne's b. f. *Mary Lyle*, by Eclipse, dam by Alfred, 4 yrs	4	dis	
Col. J. C. Gibson's br. c. *Tickle Toby*, by Snow-Storm, dam by Lafayette, 4 yrs	dis		

Time, 4:12—4:12. Track heavy. * Saddle slipped.

THURSDAY, May 25.—For the *Fredericksburg Plate*, value $200, or the money, at the winner's option; free for all ages, carrying weights for age, as before. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. h. *Childere*, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Eagle, 5 yrs	1	1	
John C. Claiborne's c. ——, by Eclipse, dam by Contention, 4 yrs	3	2	
Col. John P. White's ch. h. *Orazabo*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Contention, 6 yrs	2	3	

Time, 4:10—4:38. Track very heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Purse $000, free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats.

Wm. Williamson's ch. c. *Whitelips*, by Gohanna, out of Nancy Jones, 4 yrs	2	1	1
Col. J. C. Gibson's b. c. *Gov. Barbour*, by Imp. Truffle, dam by Vampire, 4 yrs	1	3	2
Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. g. *Bayard*, by Carolinian, dam by Knowsley, aged	3	2	3

Time, 2:16—2:23—2:24. Track still heavy.

SAME DAY—*Third Race.*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr old colts and fillies; weights as on Tuesday; sub. $100 each, h. ft. [Number of subs. not given; three nominations started.] Mile heats.

Isham Puckett's ch. f. by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, own sister to *Velo*	1
Wm. Williamson's b. f. by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Shakspeare	dis

One other nomination also started, particulars unknown.

Time, 2:00. Track heavy.

FRIDAY, May 26.—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $20, free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Capt. Y. N. Oliver's b. h. *Enceiro*, by Star, dam by Seymour's Eagle, 6 yrs	1	1	
John C. Claiborne's b. c. *Walter*, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, 4 yrs	4	2	
Wm. Williamson's ch. c. *Matheir*, by Sir Charles, out of Clifford's dam, 4 yrs	2	dis	
Wm. McCargo's ch. c. *John Tyler*, by Eclipse, out of Creeping Kate, by Sir Archy, 4 y	3	dis	

Time not kept, the track being very heavy.

An unknown Correspondent has sent us the annexed article, giving some interesting particulars of the meeting.

MULBERRY RACES.

The Mulberry races over the course adjacent to the town of Fredericksburg, Virginia, terminated on Friday, the 26th May, after four days running. As was anticipated, the attendance of strangers and citizens was very respectable, notwithstanding the weather was very unfavorable, it having rained every day but one during the time of the races.

The spot selected seems in every respect well adapted to the purpose, not only as regards the proximity to the town, but for the beauty of the course. One defect, however, which now exists, it is understood will be remedied before the commencement of the Fall races, and that will be in removing the main building immediately opposite the Judges' stand, some little distance in the rear of the starting place, by which improvement those who occupy the piazza, as well as others below, may have an unobstructed view of the whole progress of the race It is, moreover, understood that other improvements and alterations, which the experiment has so far suggested, will shortly be made, and which, when completed, will render the course equal to any in the country. Considering the state of the weather, and the short time which the proprietors of the track, and the gentlemen who undertook to furnish refreshments for the occasion, had to make their respective preparations, still nothing seemed in any particular to be lacking by which to promote the comfort of all in attendance. Indeed, there was a copious supply of all the delicacies of the season, served up in a variety of ways, and in a style unsurpassed. The members of the Jockey Club dined together as usual on the last day of the regular racing, when suitable songs and appropriate sentiments were sung and offered.

Although the present prospects are gloomy, not only as regards the pecuniary condition of the country, but also the agricultural world, yet it is to be hoped that the rains and genial sunshine of Heaven may revive the latter, and an honest, judicious, and patriotic legislature, about to convocate, may be so enlightened as to devise efficient plans by which to restore personal and political confidence, and hasten the return of individual and public prosperity. It is really refreshing to the mind to advert to former times, and to what we could call the golden age of this fresh and growing republic—the age of social, genuine, unreserved hospitality, when all restraints and ceremonies were laid aside—the age of rational amusement, among the rest the sports of the turf, which were relished by both sexes, and by the very flowers of the society of Eastern Virginia, who by their spirit and generosity, lent the sanction of their appearance, and the more substantial contents of their overflowing purses, to the commendable object of improving the breed of the most noble and generous animal on the face of the earth.

It may be added that good order prevailed, little or nothing having occurred to interrupt the harmony of the occasion, which was rendered the more interesting from the attendance of ladies of the town and country.

Appended to this may be found an account of each day's race, and to which your correspondent is indebted to a friend, who has taken the trouble to procure all the information touching the result of the racing, which the interested public may wish to learn. As the writer of this article is no ways concerned in the Mulberry Course, except so far as having an opportunity of witnessing the pleasing sport of an occasional trial of speed, I have to request of you to publish this, with the enclosed article, in the columns of your paper.

ROANOKE.

PITTSBURGH (Pa.) SPRING RACES.

WENESDAY, May 17, 1837.—Purse $200, free for all ages; 3 yr. olds carrying 86 lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118, and aged 124lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings.—Three mile heats.

Garrison Jones' b. h. *Duff Green*, by Bertrand, dam by Davis' Hamiltonian 5 yrs	1	1	
Simpson and Parker's ch. c. *Red Jacket*, by Henry, out of Lady Transport, 4 yrs	2	dr	

Time not kept, the track being very heavy from rain.

THURSDAY, May 18.—Purse $150, free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

Garrison Jones' br. m. *Corinna*, by Trumpator, dam by Director, 5 yrs	1	1	
T. M. Parker's ch. h. *Dangerous*, by Eclipse, dam by Ploughboy, 5 yrs	2	2	

Time not kept; track very heavy.

FRIDAY, May 19.—Purse $100, free for all; weights as before. Mile heats.

Alexander Law's s. m. *Polly Piper*, by Contention, dam by Sir Archy, 6 yrs	2	1	1
T. M. Parker's br. f. *Margaret K.*, by Veto, out of Hyena, 3 yrs	1	2	2
A. W. Small's b. m. *Nameokie*, by John of Roanoke, dam unknown, 6 yrs	3	3	dis

Time not kept. The 2d heat won by 18 inches.

[The unknown correspondent of the Spirit of the Times who forwarded the above report, mentions that *Velo* was to leave Pittsburgh for Kentucky on the 20th, to stand at the Newport race course, under the management of Mr. Garrison Jones. We wish he had given us his pedigree.]

HARPER'S FERRY (Va.) SPRING RACES

Commenced over Strider's Course, in Jefferson County, on the 16th May, and, as we learn from various sources, were well attended. A correspondent of the "Charlestown Free Press," published in that county, gives us a report, from which we compile the annexed:—

TUESDAY, May 16, 1837.—Purse $200, free for all ages, carrying their appropriate weights, viz:—3 yrs. 86lbs—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs., with the customary allowance of 3lbs to m.'s and g.'s. Three mile heats.

Mr. Field's (Jas. B Kendall's) b. h. *Pythias*, by Gohanna, dam by Bellair, 5 yrs	1	1	
Mr. Harness' b. m. ——, by Star, dam by Seymour's Eagle, 5 yrs	2	2	
Mr. House's g. *Wiggins*, by Russell's Rattler, 5 yrs	dis		

Time, 6:38—6:50. Track very heavy from rain.

Wiggins was very much amiss, and the mare carried 6lbs. extra the 1st heat—a very interesting race.

WEDNESDAY, May 17.—Purse $100, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

Mr. Field's (Jas. B. Kendall's) gr. f. *Molinera*, by Medley, out of Algerina, by Jones' Arabian, 4 yrs	1	1	
Mr. House's s. f. ——, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs	2	2	
Mr. Moore's f. by Carolinian, dam by Handel, 3 yrs	3	3	
Mr. Rogers' m. ——, by Star, dam not given	dis		

Time, 1:55—2:00. Track still heavy.

THURSDAY, May 18.—Purse $150, free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

Mr. Field's (Jas. B. Kendall's) br. h. *Highlander*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Ball's Florizel, 6 yrs	1	1	
Mr. Rogers' b. h. *Partnership*, by Star, dam by Coriander, 6 yrs	2	2	

Time, 4:05—4:08.

The money was hung up on the stand each day, and the weights, distances, and regulations, the same as the Central Course.

ST. FRANCISVILLE (La.) JOCKEY CLUB.

The annual Spring meeting on this course took place on Wednesday, the 19th of April, and the three succeeding days. Purses—for Wednesday, the day of two mile heats, $400; for Thursday, the day for three mile heats, $600; for Friday, the day for four mile heats, $1000; and for Saturday, the day for heats of best three in five, the purse consisted of the entrance money of the preceding days, with that of the last day, say $525.

Weights, Distances, &c:—Two year olds carry 79 lbs.—3 yr. olds 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118, and aged horses 124 lbs., with the deduction of 3 lbs. in favor of mares and geldings.

The *Distance* in mile heats, best 3 in 5, is 80 yds.; in two mile heats, 110 yds.; in three mile heats, 150 yds.; and in four mile heats, 180 yds.

The *time between* mile heats is 20 minutes; two mile heats 30 minutes; three mile heats, 40 minutes; and four mile heats, 45 minutes.

Officers of the Club for 1837.

Hon. ALEXANDER BARROW, *President.* Dr. IRA SMITH, *V. Pres't.*
Messrs. DAVIS and BARROW, *Treasurers.* A. HARALSON, *Secretary.*

Chief *Judges* of the race at the Spring of 1837, Gen. JOHN B. DAWSON, Dr. HEREFORD, RICH. HAILE, Esq.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES, SPRING, 1837.

Second report, by the Secretary.*

WEDNESDAY, April 19, 1837.—*St. Francisville (La.) Course*—Purse $400. Ent. $50. Two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. *Angora*, by Im. Leviathan, d. Patty Puff, by Pacolet,	4 y.	1 1
Dr. Ira Smith's b. c. *Arbaces*, by Bertrand, out of Virginia, by Rosicrucian,	3 yrs.	2 dis

Time of 1st and only contested heat, 3:45

The weather was fine, the sky serene, the atmosphere cool and bracing, and the track was never in better condition. Everything conspired to lend a charm to the scene. In the Ladies Pavilion, a very handsome structure near the centre of the course, which is oval, was to be seen a living panorama of beauty and fashion, while the splendid equipages below tended much to encrease its effect; and the moving crowd of spectators in and around the stand at the post all appeared to feel and indicate the spirit with which the season, with its fine fragrant airs, is so gloriously rife in this climate. At half past 12 the signal was given by the Judges for the horses to be brought up; in a few minutes afterwards, on the opposite side of the track, Angora, with Arbaces slowly trailing at her heels, was seen emerging from a side gate communicating with their stables. And many were the hopes, fears, and presentiments felt and expressed, that the same relative positions then observed as the two animals approached the stand, would be maintained in the approaching contest. Yet there was a strong abiding faith with many in the fleetness and game of the little Bertrand. The weight could not be much of a drawback on him, while it was an ascertained fact, that no time short of 3:48 would head him. Like all the Bertrands, when uncovered he was impatient and restive, and seemed to burn for the contest. Angora, on the other hand, to use an expression of a professional friend, who in the heat of argument was hard run for a simile, "looked as gentle as a sucking dove," and in the subdued quietness of her manner the practised eye of a turfman might at once discover the *ne plus ultra* of race-horse condition. It was not till the Darkie was placed in the saddle that a "change of mood" came over her, and then all the surpassing energy of her nature flashed from the eye of an animal, than which, in richness of color, elegance of form, symmetry of proportion, and majesty of appearance, nothing more splendid or perfect was ever seen on this continent.

Arbaces had the track. The trainer of each horse, at a distance of about eight feet from each other, had them in hand; the mare being a little in advance of the horse. At the word "go," Arbaces was in action, and with his head in the proper direction. The mare was moving slowly in a wheeling position for the start, and evidently with her head inclined to the inside railing of the track. When the word "go" was given, both animals sprang forward, but Angora, being, as I have said, a little in advance of Arbaces, followed the direction of her head, and jumped into the track of the other. Arbaces was so close on her heels, that he struck one of her hoofs with his forefoot at the second jump. Before they reached the turn, (a distance of two hundred and fifty yards,) the mare had shaken him off a length. Around the first turn, and up the back-stretch they swept along, at what to common horses would have been a killing pace; but as they came to the stand in the first mile, it was manifest that neither had been put up;—it was then that Arbaces, maintaining his position of about two lengths behind, began to "try it on." The pace of both immediately quickened, from the long stride to bounds that brought them nearly double at each. Yet, with all his game and speed, the colt could not take the run out of the mare, who came in just her length ahead of him the second mile. The first mile was run in 1:56, and the second in 1:50, according to the report of the Timers, Messrs. FERGUS DUPLANTIER and BENNETT H. BARROW, who were sitting during the heat by my side. When it is recollected that the track is from 12 to 16 feet over a mile, and that both horses ran hard in hand the first mile, the time within which two such animals *might* have run the heat, is almost incredible. Many experienced turfmen, after witnessing the performance, gave it as their opinion that Angora could have made her two miles in 3:40. As it was, there was no little wonder excited at the time made, and curiosity was eager, and speculation entirely at fault about the result of the second heat, until just before the expiration of the interval allowed for cooling, Arbaces was walked off the track. The question of *foul riding*, 'till now involved in the circumstances attending the start had been taken into consideration by the Judges—the whole affair had occurred immediately under their eyes—they had not to rely, in making up their decision, on any other evidence than that of their senses, and their intelligence, probity, and high standing as gentlemen were such as to warrant the expectation that whatever it might be it would be satisfactorily and readily concurred in by all parties. But not so. Many there were among the spectators in the crowd, but particularly the owners of Arbaces, who contended that it was a case within the letter of the 24th article of the "Rules and Regulations of the St. Francisville Jockey Club," and policy required that the provisions of that article should be made a matter of strict construction. It was contended, on the other hand, and so the Judges ruled, that the article was adopted to prevent any settled design of wrong or injury on the part either of rider and owner in collision, or on the part of the rider himself; but that, in fact, this was a case not within the province of the article, as that was intended to act on the conduct of jockies running a heat after they had passed beyond the control of the Judges. It was also denied that the position of the mare had offered any impediment to the horse after the first jump. When the decision of the Judges was made known, Arbaces was sent to his stable, to the great regret and disappointment of many, and particularly his trainer, Mr. MACK, who it is said offered Dr. SMITH $1000 to permit him to start the colt for the second heat.

THURSDAY, April 20.—Purse $600. Entrance $75. Three mile heats.

Dr. Thos. W. Chinn's b. c. *Arbaces*, by Bertrand, out of Virginia, by Rosicrucian,	3 y.	1 1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. m. *Naked Truth*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Ellen Mar, by Pacolet,	4 yrs.	2 2
Mr. Maurice E. Boyles' ch. m. *Alice Riggs*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Hope, by Sir Archie,	4 yrs.	3 3

Time, 5:45—5:43.

The weather continued fine, although the day was not so cool as the preceding. The track had been lightly harrowed, and was, if possible, in better condition. The entries for this day opened a wide field for speculation; all were considered to be good ones—the exploits of each had been advantageously told on the lettered page, and great was the diversity of opinion as to their relative powers of speed and endurance. The odds would probably have been much in favor of Arbaces, but for the circumstance of having made such a run on the first day. Naked Truth was known to be in fine condition, and even Alice Riggs, that was never found "right" on the day of race, was supposed to be in finer plight than on any preceding occasion. When uncovered at the Judges' stand, all shewed "good condition," particularly the grey mare. Alice Riggs had the track, Arbaces was in the centre, and Naked Truth on the outside. They got off well together, but before they reached the first turn, the little Bertrand was going—going, indeed, almost flying, before he reached the back stretch. Disdaining all society with his competitors, he put off at once for victory. The effort of the Jockey to hold him in his mad career seemed but to increase his speed; and up the back stretch, and around the 2d turn he went like a streamer in the wind, some sixty yards ahead. Coming home, Alice Riggs, who maintained her position as second in the mile, finding that the fiery edge was yielding to his pace, made a run, which brought her up within a few yards of him, when suddenly away he went again, revelling and rioting in his superior powers. The first mile was made in 1:55, Alice Riggs well up, and Naked Truth some twenty paces behind. But on the 3d mile, the colt having weakened the boy by a constant pull, shewed the instinct of his family, and went to work with a *con amore* delight. Frequently in the second mile he was sixty yards ahead, and near a distance at one time in the 3d. The second mile was run in 1:50, and the 3d in 2:00, thus making the heat of three miles in 5:45, and the first two miles in a second less than on the preceding day. At the finish, Alice Riggs having made her run in the 2d mile, had yielded her place to Naked Truth, and both, without surrendering the contest, came in rather from ceremony than ambitious contention. None of the three shewed much distress; Alice, perhaps, most of the three. As for Naked Truth, the heat was no more than good exercise, while the pricked ear, and fine elastic tread of Arbaces seemed to denote that he was not satisfied even with 5:45. The time within which the heat was made was the theme and marvel of conversation until the horses were called up a second time. Each had cooled off well. And now, it was understood, was the "appointed time" for proclamation by the owner of Naked Truth, but his knowledge of horses, as well as of "men and things," taught him the propriety of "mum I am." The odds were three to one on Arbaces. At the given signal, they are off, Arbaces leading in gallant style, hard in hand, with Naked Truth "trying it on," followed by Alice Riggs, waiting for a *soft place, but* that was never found. The Pacolet blood in the grey mare was taxed and tested from the start, and well did she justify all, and probably more than could have been expected of her;—still it was an *ad libitum* business with the little Bertrand,—he had, and would have it all his own way. On the back stretch of the first mile, then on the second turn, and again on the run to the stand, it was confidently expected by many that the grey mare would collar him, but ever and anon his stride, high head, and streaming tail plainly told that there was a vast revenue of power and activity in him yet to be expended. Although kept at hard work throughout the heat, he was never put to the "utmost verge" of his capability, and came in some thirty feet ahead of Naked Truth at the end of the three miles. *Then* the Timers looked at their time-pieces, and *then* they looked at each other, as if distrustful of the story their watches told, and *then* followed the clamor of the crowd for the *time*. Seated as I was between the two Timers, whose watches spoke the same language, I cast a glance at that of my friend Duplantier's, who for the moment appeared to have fallen into a racing trance. Observing my curiosity, and resuming his suspended respiration, he exclaimed, "*Peut on le croire!*" "Let me see your watch, Mr. Barrow."—"*Oui ce'st vrai,*" said he, and out of the Secretary's box he bounced, and down the steps he hurried, muttering as he went, "*Ma foi, ce'st incroyable!*" The time of the second heat, believe it or not, ye turfites to the North, South, and West, was 5:43.

FRIDAY, April 21.—Purse $1000. Four mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. *Fanny Wright*, by Bertrand, out of Marcella, by Sir Alfred,	4 yrs.	walked over.

SATURDAY, April 22.—Purse $525. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. *Angora*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam Patty Puff, by Pacolet,	4 yrs.	1 1 1
Maurice E. Boyles' (Col Robt. Smith's) *Daniel O'Connell*, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam by Imp. Sir Harry,	4 yrs.	2 2 dis

Time, 1:51—1:54—1:48.

This day's race excited but little interest, from a pervading conviction that Angora was invincible in a contest of mile heats. It was, however, believed by those who had witnessed O'Connell's previous performances on other turfs, that he could give her enough to do the first mile, but it was "no go" on any part of the ground. In the second heat he was badly beaten, and in the 3d easily distanced.

Thus has terminated the third Spring meeting on this course, and at each successive meeting the time made at all distances has been better. The utmost harmony and good fellowship among those assembled prevailed throughout the four days, and not an incident occurred to mar the pleasures of the scene. The sport might, and probably would have been better if entries from the stable of Mr. BEASLEY, which was present, and containing Linnet, Kathleen, and Extio, had been made. As these animals were said to be in much better condition than when at New Orleans and Plaquemine, it was confidently expected, and ardently desired, by the members of the Club particularly, that Mr. Beasley would have taken a "turn" with Col. BINGAMAN'S stable of fine 'uns, but in this we were disappointed.

A. H.

* We are under infinite obligations to our friend HARALSON for his report, which was written for us at intervals during his confinement as an invalid to his room. Our special correspondent sent us his notes, from which we compiled a report that appeared on the 6th May. On comparing that with the one before us, we have detected an occasional inaccuracy in that furnished by our agent, Mr. LEEFE, which of itself would induce us to make room for the "*officia*" report of Mr. Haralson, were it written in a less graphic and flowing style. Mr. H. apologizes for his report, and adds that, "from a sick man you will take the will for the deed." There is no need of it at present, until some man or woman born writes a better, the time whereof is not yet. Haralson will put us in full humor with our own reports if he ever says another word in extenuation of his. We only wish we had him here this week:—we'd first; "kill him with kindness" (almost,) and get *him* to write our report of the Long Island races afterwards.—*Editor.*

THE GREAT LOUISIANA RACE.

Heu! Thamesis in margine
Carebat navigiolo. ANONYMOUS.

There is not a contre temps more provoking, nor one to which way passengers on the Mississippi are more exposed, than to be disappointed in a steamboat. If you cannot make your arrangements suit the time of the regular packets, (and this was the case with myself and friends,) you must depend upon what are technically called "up country boats," for the reason, I presume, that they never accommodate down country people if they can avoid it. They are very like Owen Glendowers spirits,—

"They will not come when you do call."

The Bayou Sarah races were to commence on Wednesday, with the promise of capital sport, and on Tuesday afternoon we were ready for a boat. Three of these up country boats had come, as it were, almost within reach, and thrice had we been foiled in the attempt to catch them:—

"Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum
Ter frustra comprensa manus effugit imago."

The thing was reduced to a certainty; we had lost the two mile day. Have you a friend who is about to edit a serio-comic annual, and is he in want of a subject, a practical illustration, for instance, of the *cut direct?* Let me recommend to him "an up country boat," booming it on the Mississippi, within hail from the shore: on the river bank a way passenger; he may give him, for effect, the posture of the pious Æneas—

"——————— duplices tendit ad sidera palmas,
Et talia voce refert—send your boat ashore——"

The line of direction from the passenger to the boat slantingdicular up stream, just to show that the *cut* is a finished one. The said way passenger looking unutterable things.

We were at last fortunate enough to find the Homer "napping it" at the river bank, and at an early hour on Thursday were established in excellent quarters at St. Francisville.

My inquiries soon led me to the conclusion that the sports of the week were not likely to prove of an interesting character. There was little or no competition. The cause of this may be soon explained. Col. BINGAMAN, after repeated triumphs at home, had taken the first honors at New Orleans, was the winner of the three and four mile days at Plaquemine, and had just taken the two mile day at this place in a single heat. *He had united in his stable the Leviathans and the Bertrands*, and, if I may be allowed the expression, was sweeping the valley of the Mississippi, with the broom at the mast-head. It was rumored, moreover, that a certain powerful force would not be brought into the field, in consequence of some misunderstanding amongst the leaders, and "still the wonder grew" that *Extio*, and *Linnet*, and *Kathleen* should prefer the retirement of their stalls to the spirit-stirring scenes of the course. *Fanny Wright* had no competitor for the four mile day, and for the best three in five, (Linnet's favorite distance,) *Angora* would have no antagonist but *Daniel O'Connell*. There remained, therefore, but the three mile day, and for this there were three entries:—

Dr. Ira Smith's b. c. *Arbaces*, by Bertrand, dam Multiflora, by Kosciusko, 3 yrs. 86 lbs.
Col. A. L. Bingaman's g f *Naked Truth*, by Im Leviathan, d Helen Mar, by Pacolet, 4 y. 97 lbs.
R. Barrow's ch. f. *Alice Riggs*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam Sally Hope, by Sir Archie, 4 y. 97 lbs.

The colt had already distinguished himself in several encounters, and on the day previous had run a capital second to the celebrated Angora. The grey filly, a true Pacolet, in form, color, and action, was celebrated for her stoutness. The daughter of Sally Hope was relied upon to do the running of the first heat. The betting was even between Arbaces and Naked Truth, inclining rather to the latter, and decidedly in favor of either against Alice Riggs. With the ladies, however, and a numerous assemblage graced the course, Arbaces was a decided favorite. He was unanimously selected as the champion of Louisiana.

The preparations for the race having been completed, the horses were brought to the stand, the riders mounted, and the word was given. Arbaces sprang for the track, and obtaining it at the first turn, dashed away from his competitors in the most gallant style, seemingly determined that they should not again join him. He passed the stand on the first round some twenty yards ahead of Alice Riggs, whose movements were now watched with some interest. She was badly managed; now let out to the top of her speed, she was again taken in hand too soon, and on the back stretch of the third round she was not in a situation to contend for the heat. Naked Truth, with the disadvantage of a bad start, had in the meantime pursued the even tenor of her way, running quite at her ease notwithstanding the pace. Had her rider noticed a sudden burst from Arbaces, which widened the gap between them to forty yards, or had the idea just struck him that the distance stand had strangely approximated to that of the Judges'? (It had been placed by mistake at 70 yards.) One hint from his spur, and he has already passed Alice Riggs, and shortened the distance between himself and Arbaces as if by magic. Apparently satisfied with the experiment, he checked his mare, and Arbaces came in several lengths ahead, winning the heat in 5:45.

The distance stand having been properly placed, and the time for cooling off having elapsed, the horses were again brought to the stand, and a good start was effected. Arbaces, having the track, again succeeded in obtaining the lead, and made severe running from the score. Naked Truth now settled herself down to her work in right good earnest, and the contest between them became one of doubtful result, and of exciting interest. The pace was a killing one; could the colt maintain himself against such unexpected speed, united to such true game? Bounding forward with renewed vigor, most gallantly did he maintain his position during the whole of the first round. In the next half mile the grey filly was by his side, and the result became still more doubtful. As they again pass the Judges' stand, neck and neck, it is observed that Naked Truth has the saddle quite up on her withers, and some fears are entertained for the safety of her rider. But she still presses on under his admirable management, until at the termination of the back stretch, the colt obtains a slight advantage; entering now upon the quarter stretch, the run home was made by both in the most gallant style, the rider of Arbaces bringing him out about a length ahead of Naked Truth, and winning the heat in 5:43. Alice Riggs no where.

Amongst the first to offer his congratulations was the spirited owner of Naked Truth, who declared that for two such purses he would not have deprived the ladies of Feliciana of this anticipated triumph.

This race, and a faster or a better one you will not have to record, has already been attended with beneficial results. The eyes of gentlemen are opened to the necessity of selecting the very best stock, and you will find that the choice young ones of the middle States and of New York will be in demand. This event has given a new impulse to the spirit of racing in this quarter, which had suffered a shock from past reverses, and several of my friends have assured me that ere another meeting comes round, they will be fully prepared to uphold the reputation of the State. And if any new inducement be wanting, let me turn their attention to the Eclipse Course. Will not the gentlemen of Louisiana contend for the rich prizes which are there offered?—*non sine pulvere palma.* They cannot hope to obtain them without making the proper exertions, and as they possess the means, so I do hope they will display the will.

On the four mile day *Fanny Wright*, (her dam is by Alfred,) walked over for the purse. I was present when she *sat* for her portrait, which a skilful artist is painting, under the direction of the New Orleans Jockey Club. He will paint *Angora*, and had in fact commenced, and *Rudolph*, and probably *Arbaces*.

On the best 3 in 5 day, Angora, after cruelly coquetting with Daniel O'Connell through two heats, maliciously keeping herself in the second close to him, and waiting upon him during a minute and fifty-three; in the first quarter of the third heat became suddenly tired of his attention, threw him off with a most perfect air of nonchalance, and coming out in 1:48, left him at the far end of the quarter stretch to reflect upon his gullibility.

——————— jam nox humida cœlo
Præcipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos.

If you are not already put to sleep, good night. HERSEY.

IBERVILLE, (La.) May 13, 1837.

BERNERS' COMUS.

HUNTSVILLE, (Ala.,) May 15, 1837.

MR. W. T. PORTER, EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

DEAR SIR,—In your paper of the 8th of April, I have seen and read a communication over the signature of "*D. Q.*," purporting to correct certain mistakes in advertisements of IMPORTED HORSES, &c. In this the author has made a very unjustifiable attack upon *Berners' Comus*, and his enterprising and spirited owner. He there intimates that this horse had no distinction on the turf, and was of little promise for the stud; and that Mr. BOARDMAN, for the purpose of giving him character where he was not known, published to the world a false account of his [illegible] performances, &c.

To refute this [illegible]y, a hand-bill, published by Mr. Boardman soon after the arrival of *Berners' Comus* at his house, is herewith transmitted to you, for the inspection of any gentleman who may desire to satisfy himself upon the subject. [It is received, and may be seen at this office.] From this it will appear that Mr. B. has not been disposed to practise an imposition upon those who alone are immediately interested in the matter; viz., his immediate neighbors, and those gentlemen who would probably patronise his horse; for it will be there seen that *all his races have been set forth, as well those which he lost as those which he won.* Mr. Boardman, in his first short notice to the public, was probably not as particular and as explicit as he might have been. That notice was predicated upon a letter which he received from England, informing him of the purchase of this horse, (a part of which letter the writer of this heard read,) and was inserted before he left for Mobile, where his blood stock landed. So soon, however, as he arrived at home, he consulted the books, and prepared the hand-bill above referred to, giving all the important particulars in relation to him.

Although Mr. B., in his first notice, has been a little inaccurate as to the number of cups and plates won by Berners' Comus, yet he has not been more so than "*D. Q.*," who, it appears, has examined the Book for the purpose of making corrections; for I *there* find that Lord Berners' brown horse by Comus, out of Rotterdam, is set down as the winner of *five cups and plates*, instead of *three*, as this writer has it; and if a specific amount offered (to be run for) is considered in the same light with the cups and plates, which I am inclined to believe is the case, then he won *seven*.

Great stress is laid by the writer of the article in question upon the fact that "Lord Berners' brown horse by Comus, out of Rotterdam," never received a name until after he passed into other hands, and then that of Erasmus was given, which has since been changed, and that he was offered to the public at 3 and 5 guineas, &c. Now, we find in the English books, that the year after he retired from the turf (1831), whilst the property of Lord Berners, he was offered to the public as "brown horse by Comus, out of Rotterdam," at *Ten guineas*. *Berners' Comus*, we humbly conceive, is the most proper and appropriate name which could be given to *this horse*, for by it we have a key by which we can find his blood and *raising*, together with all his performances on the turf.

But admitting all that this writer says to be true, do these circumstances impair the purity of his blood, or detract from his performances as a racer? Is it not often the case that horses are not named until after they have retired from the turf? Is it not sometimes the fact, that the name first given is also changed? And have not many of the horses imported into the United States stood in England at a reduced sum, (as well as many that remain there,) until after their progeny, from their performances on the turf, justify an advance in that price? *Emilius, the sire of Priam*, was first offered in 1825 at 15 guineas; in 1826 the price was reduced to 12 guineas. *Luzborough* was first offered in 1829 and 1830 at 10 sovs. for thorough-bred mares, and all others at half price; and in 1831 at 7 sovs. for thorough-bred mares, and half that sum for half breeds. *Tarrare*, the winner of the St. Leger in 1826, was offered in 1835, and several previous years, at 10 guineas for thorough-bred mares, and 5 guineas for those

half bred. *Count Porro*, a *good* horse, was offered to thorough-bred mares *gratis*. *Shakspeare* stood in England in 1831 at 7 guineas; yet we have no doubt he is a good horse, and may be a valuable acquisition to this country. *Old Diomede himself* covered in England at about 5 guineas. Many other horses, of pure blood and of the racing stock, and themselves good runners, from the great *competition and high popularity of* their competitors, have been offered at very reduced prices. So, likewise, in this country with our native stock; American *Eclipse*, for instance, that renowned racer, and getter of racers, made his first season at *twelve dollars*.

If "*D. Q.*" would take the trouble to consult the books in relation to many of the importations to this country, perhaps he might find more glaring inaccuracies in the advertisements of some of them (in which *he may have* an interest,) than have been made in the first notice given to the public by Mr. Boardman of *Berners' Comus*. The facts taken from the English books warrant the belief that Berners' Comus was not an inferior horse on the turf, for we there find that he beat *Tranby*, *Lucetta*, and many other distinguished cracks, and ran 2d to *Priam* on two different occasions, when there was a good field. We have seen this horse several times, and have examined him very closely, and have no hesitation in saying, that he is the finest looking animal of the horse kind we have ever beheld. He is almost perfect symmetry throughout, and is certainly one of the most *blood-like* and *game-looking* horses of the present day. We have no doubt he would compare favorably even with the invincible and renowned *Priam* in *form*, *action*, and *game appearance*, although he could not quite *equal* him on the Turf.

Thus much we deem due to Mr. Boardman, the present owner of Berners' Comus, who, by the by, has had no agency whatever in calling forth this hasty article. He is a gentleman of retiring manners and great discreetness, never suffering himself to indulge in any illiberal or fault-finding remarks in relation to the business or *horses* of any one, but contents himself in getting along quietly and peaceably with all mankind, adopting the example, of a certain man in Virginia, "*who made a fortune by attending to his own business.*"

FAIR PLAY.

NEW RACE COURSE IN ALABAMA.

MACON, Marengo Co., (Ala.,) May 8, 1837.

DEAR SIR,—There is a new race course about to be established about two miles from Greensboro', Green Co., Ala., to be called "*The* HENRY *Course*," in honor of the Southern champion in 1823. It is owned and will be conducted by three very spirited gentlemen, Mr. HENRY A. TAYLOE, (formerly of Essex Co., Va.,) Dr. Branch, (brother of Capt. DAVID H. BRANCH, of Petersburg, Va.,) and Mr. ROBERT BEVERLEY, formerly also of Va., who are now making extensive improvements on the track. In such hands no doubt much sport will take place. Sweepstakes for three days are now open, and there are already three subscribers to each. The proprietors think they will be able to put up purses at the ensuing Fall meeting, to the amount of $2000 or $2500; the particulars will be sent on to you for publication shortly. At the Spring meeting on the old track, which took place a few weeks since, there was very little sport, owing to the bad state of the track, which is 60 yards short of a mile; but few horses of any note attended.

The gentlemen in this section of the South are beginning to get in the spirit of racing and raising fine horses for the turf. There is a scarcity of blooded mares, but several fine stallions. *Robin Brown*, belonging to Mr. TAYLOE, is making a fine season, and is very much admired. With best wishes for the success of your publication, I remain yours, A SUBSCRIBER.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse TAURUS, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself. See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD.*]

No. 2.—POWHATTAN, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—DASHALL, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—MIDDLESEX, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—BERGEN, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. LANGFORD, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. JOHN BULL, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. SOMERSET, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. MARGARET, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare CHARLOTTE PACE, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare POWANCEY, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

No. 17—Gray mare BIANCA, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare YOUNG NETTLETOP, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 351. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 19—Bay mare MISS MATTIE, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare BLANCHE, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g g dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g g g dam the Bashaw mare—Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare LADY MOSTYN, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Humbletonian, g g dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare HELEN, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

IN consequence of the death of Mr. J. SLEEPER, the following Thorough Bred Horses are offered for sale; the present owner having no use for them, is determined to sell them at very reduced prices, viz.:—

No. 1—*Norna*, b. m., 15 years old, by Director, (he full brother to Virginian), her dam, Lady Tolman, who was the dam of Kate Kearney and Sussex, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $300.

No. 2—Chesnut mare, by Sir Arthur, (he by Sir Archy, out of Green's old Celar mare) her dam Sally Nailor, by Imp. Wonder, out of Primrose; she by the noted Damon, (he by Imp. Fearnought,) her grandam by Jolly Roger, her g. grandam by Imp. Partner. Price $200.

No. 3—Chesnut horse, foaled 1831, out of No. 1, by Monsieur Tonson. Price $200.

No. 4—Bay mare, foaled 1832, out of No. 1, by Gohanna. Price $700.

No. 5—Chesnut mare, out of No. 2, foaled 1829, by Md. Eclipse, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $500.

No. 6—Chesnut colt, foaled 1835, out of No. 2, by Sussex. Price $500.

No. 7—Brown mare, foaled 1831, by Mons. Tonson, out of Elizabeth, by Sir Alfred, out of the dam of Sally Honet, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $500.

No. 8—Bay horse, foaled 1832, out of the dam of No. 7, by Timoleon. Price $700.

No. 9—Chesnut colt, foaled 1833, by Sussex, dam by Florizel, he by Diomed, her dam by Imp. Dare Devil, grandam by old Shark, g. grandam by Apollo, out of Imp. mare Jenny Cameron. Price $200.

No. 10—Chesnut mare, foaled 1833, by Sussex, her dam by Gov. Spriggs' Northampton, out of the celebrated Columbia, who was by Col. Taylor's Oscar, out of Selima. Northampton and Columbia were half brother and sister by the side of their common ancestor, old Oscar, by Gabriel. Price $400.

No. 11—Bay horse, foaled 1832, by Byron, out of Iris, who was out of Beane's celebrated mare Miria, who was by Punch, &c. Price $300.

No. 12—Bay horse, foaled 1832, by Apparition, out of Jessie, by Telegraph, &c. Price $800.

No. 13—Chesnut horse, foaled 1829, by Ratler, his dam out of Lady Bumbany, (who was imported by John Randolph), by Gracchus. Price $400.

No. 14—Chesnut colt, out of the dam of No. 10, by Young Fagdown, he by Old Fagdown. Price $100.

Any person wishing to purchase will please address (post paid)

Baltimore, Md., March 6, 1837. [mh 18-tf.] W. H. STEWART.

HEALTH.

205 GREENE STREET, near Bleecker, and No. 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony Street.

The exercises of the Gymnasium are the best adapted, and the most equinomical for time and money, for the preservation of health and invigorating the constitution. Hundreds of persons of this city can testify to the beneficial effects from exercising in the Gymnasium.

W. Fuller respectfully announces that he has erected in the rear of his establishment in Greene-st. a Shooting Gallery.

The terms will be made known on applying as above.

Boarring and Fencing taught as usual

N.B. The junior class for Gymnastic exercises three days in the week, from 4 to 5 o'clock.

RODOLPH.

THE THOROUGH-BRED STALLION AND INVINCIBLE RACE-HORSE, RODOLPH.—Having recently purchased of Robt. L. Shelly and others, the entire interest in this celebrated Horse at $20,000, and having no race on hand, except that with *Kathleen* and *Linnet*, for $20,000 a-side, which will not come off before next spring, I have determined to allow him to serve thirty mares, besides my own, the present season. As Rodolph will be positively limited to the above number, persons who wish to have his produce can secure the season of their mares, by writing either to me at Vicksburg, or to Robert Wooding, at Natchez. Two hundred dollars will be charged for each season, and pasture and grain can be obtained at the expense of the owners of the mares either at the Pharsalia Race Track, or at the Eclipse Hotel. I intend keeping him as low in flesh as I can, to keep up his life and vigor for the service of one, and never more than two mares each day, which will make him more sure, and his produce better than if his number was unlimited.

PEDIGREE, &c.

Rodolph will be 6 years old next Spring, is a rich, beautiful bay, 15 hands 2½ inches high, with uncommon strength and muscle, was got by Sir Archy (or Transport), dam by Moses, grandam by Cook's Whip, g grandam by Craig's Alfred, who was by Imp. Medley, Cook's Whip by Imp. Whip, Sir Archy (or Transport) by old Sir Archy, out of Transport by Virginius; Old Sir Archy by Imp. Diomed, out of Imp. Castianira; Virginius by Imp. Diomed, out of Rhea by Cauthan—Harris' Eclipse—Imp. Shark—Imp. Silver Eye—Imp. Valiant, &c. See English and American Stud Book.

PERFORMANCES OF RODOLPH.

He is yet young and not withdrawn from the turf—has run only 7 races, and won them all without ever being put to his speed on any part of the ground!! He lost the first heat he ever run in public, in consequence of the inexperience of his rider, as proven by his winning the second and third heats, and the race in quicker time than his competitor won the first heat.

Spring, 1834.—Rodolph, at three years old, won the stallion stakes at Lexington, Two mile heats, and at Louisville two weeks afterwards—won the 3 mile purse, in 2 heats, running the 2d heat in 5.49; then travelled up the river in a boat, to Newport, in which he was lamed, but notwithstanding, won the 3 mile purse at a single heat.

Fall, 1834.—Lamed in training, and did not start in any race.

Spring, 1835.—Rodolph, at 4 years old, over the Oakland Course, at Louisville, won the Three mile heats; 1st heat, 5.54—2d, 5.48, which is the quickest heat ever run by any horse west of the mountains.

Fall, 1835.—At Louisville, Rodolph won the Four mile purse without an effort, in 2 heats, although he was pronounced by all the trainers too fat for a Two mile race. At Lexington he won the Four mile Purse at one heat, nothing running with him the 2d heat.

Fall, 1836.—He ran a match race against Angora, the favorite and chosen champion of that gallant State, (Tennessee), Four mile heats, for $5000 a-side. He distanced, with great ease, his competitor, the 1st heat, amidst the acclamations of admiring thousands. From Louisville he was taken to Lexington, where his then owner (Mr. Burbridge) intended running him on the Four mile day of the Fall races. He, however, with characteristic generosity, declined entering him, when he was advised by the Jockey Club that no entries would be made against him, and consequently no sport had.

Rodolph is a race horse of the highest order. Every gentleman who has witnessed his performances will testify to the great ease with which he has always passed his fleetest competitors, whenever he has been required to do it. His owners have never yet been guilty of running Rodolph any faster than is necessary to win, nor do I ever intend running him faster than necessary *barely* to win, unless I know when I am starting him in his last race. If any gentleman thinks he has ever seen Rodolph at his speed, he will be very much astonished if he lives to see Rodolph meet his equal, both in condition for a race. I never expect to see him beaten by any horse in equal condition, nor do I believe the horse lives that can beat him Four mile heats. OSMUN CLAIBORNE.

Vicksburg, March 25, 1837. [A22]

IMPORTED STALLION, BERNER'S COMUS,

IS expected to stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, 9 miles South-west from Huntsville, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $80 the season, or $100 to insure a foal. He was shipped from Liverpool late in November, 1836, on board the ship Sherbrook, bound for Mobile. "Breeders may be assured that this horse will propagate a capital breed of Turf Stock for heats of three and four miles. He was bred in 1827, by Lord Berner, and ran by Col Wilson in 1830-31-32 and 33—was a stout racer, won a dozen prizes, mostly at Newmarket; among them 8 or 10 King's Plates and Cups, at long distances and heavy weights, and frequently in heats. Ran twice 2d to Priam—beat one of the best mares in England, Sir Mark Wood's Lucetta; beat Tranby, and several other good ones; is very near 16 hands high, of good form and remarkably fine action; of a red brown color, with a little white, and unites the Herod and Eclipse blood to the greatest perfection." Was got by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, (so highly prized for distance). Grandam Spotless by Walton, Trumpator, Highflyer, Herod, &c. &c. I will, in handbills, extend his pedigree; nothing can be richer, and his performances, in full, will be found excellent.

Huntsville, Ala., January 17, 1837. E. H BOARDMAN.

Imported CONSOL stands at the Mills in 1837, on last year's terms, viz.: $60, or $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure [F1] E. H. B

CHATEAU MARGAUX.

THE RENOWNED ENGLISH RACE HORSE AND STALLION, CHATEAU MARGAUX, will be located at my residence near Hayneville, Lowndes County, Alabama, and will serve mares at one hundred dollars the season, payable the first of July, and one dollar to the Groom.

Mares from a distance will be bountifully fed with grain at $8 per month, good and extensive pasturage gratis. Ample accommodations and separate lots are prepared for mares with colts, and every care will be taken to prevent accidents and escapes, but no liability should they occur.

The season will commence on the first day of February, 1837, and expire on the first day of July. GEORGE GIVHAN.

Hayneville, Dec. 141836.

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1837-38.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $250, forfeit $125, declaration $50. Five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $500, forfeit $125, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $1000, forfeit $500, declaration $100: four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.]

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. M. L. Hammond names ch. c. Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
2. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, dam Elizabeth.
3. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough.
4. Col. John S. Ashe names ch. f by Godolphin, dam Sally Taylor, by Kosciusko.
5. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Luzborough, dam Miss Medway, by Kosciusko.

Sweepstakes for 1838-39.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and closed 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Docken, dam by Sertorius.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $1000, ft. $500. declaration $100; to name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John E. Colhoun names b. f. Nullification, by Nullifier, dam by Tartar.
2. John G. Winter names b. f. Miss Accident, by Tramp, dam by Whisker.
3. " " b. f. Miss Armstrong, by Tramp.
4. " " ch. c. Geo. Stanley, by John Stanley, d. by John Richards.
5. John Morrison names f. by Eclipse, dam by Barefoot.
6. " " f. by Henry, dam Highland Mary.
7. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Ella, by Emilius, dam Ada.
8. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names ch. f. Ada Byron, by Priam, dam Delphine.
9. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Miss Medway.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837 To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

WADE'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES, have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms, and botts, loosens the hide, fines the coat, purifies the blood, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Sold at 37 1-2 cents, or $4,50 a dozen packages, accompanied with full directions and recommendations round each packet. Sold by J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, sole importing agent, where they may be obtained wholesale or retail. [J28-tf]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

BAREFOOT.

THIS justly celebrated imported horse, one of the few now in America that ever won the Great Doncaster St. Leger, and a proved getter of winners in America, has recently been purchased by the undersigned at a high figure, and will stand for mares the ensuing season near the Oakland Race Course, Louisville, Kentucky, at the moderate price of $75 for the season, and $1 to the groom. The money to be paid, with the expense of keeping the mares, when they are taken away, or on or before the 15th of July next, when the season will end.

On the English Turf Barefoot proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day, he was not only the best in the North, but entitled to rank as the best colt of his year at Newmarket, he having there offered to run the noted Emilius for 2000 guineas, who declined the challenge; and he ran on, when six years old, all distances, as will be seen by a examination of his performances as here noted.

That which, in addition to unrivalled performances and pure and fashionable pedigree gives value to a stallion, Barefoot claims. He has proved himself not only a sure foal-getter, but a *getter of winners*, in this country! Where is the imported horse now in America or west of the Alleghany, with the exception of Leviathan, of whom this can be said?

He is the sire of Clara Howard, the fleetest of the fleet, and game, over the course of four 4 miles, with high Union Course weights. Also of Admiral, Ajax, Tramp, and the colt out of Agnes, all winners of important races, matches or sweepstakes, in quick time, and of several other good ones.

By reference to the advertisement now or heretofore published in the Spirit of the Times, under the head of "Union Course, Long Island," of Matches and Sweepstakes to come off, it will be seen that many of Barefoot's get are heavily engaged in both matches and sweepstakes of importance. For one colt dropped last Spring, own brother to Clara Howard, $1500 was refused, when only five months old, and several others, now yearlings, could not be purchased, for less than $1,000 or $1500 each.

History and Description.—Barefoot is a chesnut, with a star and small stripe down the face, but without white feet or other white marks; standing upon short legs, and of great substance, as his dimensions hereafter given show. He was bred by Gilbert Compton, Esq., near York, and foaled in 1820—was sold at an early age to Richard Watt, Esq., of Bishop Burton, near Beverley, in Yorkshire, who brought him forward on the turf, and after winning the Great St. Leger in 1823, was sold by Mr. Watt for 3,000 guineas, to the Earl of Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland), who, in 1827 or 1828 disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Baronet, who sent him to America for the benefit of his native country at large, after having beaten nearly all the best runners in England, and he was landed at New York from the ship Napoleon, Capt. Smith, May 25th, 1828. C. R. Colden, Esq., of New York, better known in the Sporting world as "an old Turfman," took the admeasurement of his different points on the day he was landed, which were then as follows:—Height, 5 feet 2¼ inches—girth, 5 feet 9 inches—arm, in circumference, 1 foot 9 inches—length from the breast, or anterior point of the shoulders, to the extreme point of the hip, 4 feet 11 inches—circumference of the fore leg below the knee, 8 inches—back or sway, from the posterior termination of the scapula, or shoulder blade, to the coupling, 1 foot 5¼ inches.

His Pedigree cannot be surpassed—he was got by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard; her dam Rosebury, sister to Huby, by Phenomenon; her dam Miss West, by Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto. Tramp was got by Dick Andrews, out of a Gohanna mare; her dam Flaxinella, by Trentham—Woodpecker—Everlasting, by Eclipse. Dick Andrews was got by Joe Andrews, out of a Highflyer mare, her dam by Cardinal Puff—Tattler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian. Joe Andrews was got by Eclipse, out of Amaranda, by Omnium; her dam Cloudy, by Blank—Crab—Partner, &c.

On the English Turf, Barefoot proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to 1826, inclusive.

PERFORMANCES.

At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September, 1822, (then only two years old), he won a sweepstakes of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 5lbs. (115lbs.) beating Bordeaux and 4 others very easy. Barefoot, at the Spring meeting at York, May, 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, one mile and three quarters, 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3:15, or 1:51 per mile.

1823—At the August meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (117lb.) one mile and a quarter. Time, 2:22, or 1:52 per mile, beating Richardson's b. c. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Pontefract, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subs., 1¼ miles 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Palatine. Won very easy.

Doncaster Meeting, Sept. 1823—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 26 guineas each, for three year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114lbs.); fillies 8st. (112lbs.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr Riddle's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed: Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus, out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine, by Rubens; Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim: Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Bunter's br. c. by Orville, out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, and Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Appleby's colt by Prosclyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte d'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker (afterwards known as the celebrated *Lottery*) was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3:22. *The Start*—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came alongside of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3:23½. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol. 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course, in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3:23, yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of a quarter of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start, Barefoot, although shut out, that is, hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance; he proved himself, by repetition, decidedly the best horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3:23, and repeating it in 3:23½.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and Barefoot, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington (now Marquis of Cleaveland) for 3000 guineas—was carried by him to Newmarket, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated horse Emilius (the recent winner of all the great stakes, and since the sire of Priam, Pleuipo, Sarpedon, and others), for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, £50, distance, 1 mile, 1 quarter, and 24 yards, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.) beating Tressethan, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partisan colt. Won easy. Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lbs. (147lbs.)—Time, 8:18, and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subs. St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lbs. (119lbs.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.)—thus giving Lottery, of the same age, 4lb., and whom he next year beat at even weights. The time of running 3:30. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st 8lbs., (120lbs.), time not given; beating Lottery, (above mentioned. 5 years old, same weight), Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lbs. (109lbs.) an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lbs. (124lbs.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lbs.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lbs.; an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10 sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 years old, 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northallerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., with a sweepstakes added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lbs. (121lbs.) agst. The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lbs. (94lbs.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1825—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30 sovs. each, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lbs.), beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lbs. (116lbs.), and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lbs. (110lbs.); a good race; 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100 guineas, added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lbs. (124lbs.), 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 years old, 112lbs., and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs. 109lbs. The above comprise all the races of Barefoot.

Barefoot is remarkably beautiful, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper.

Of his having proved a good and sure foal-getter we are enabled to give the following testimonial, under the hand of a very eminent breeder, and one of great and long experience.

New York, Jan. 23, 1837.

I hereby certify that the imported horse Barefoot has stood under my directions at West Farms, in West Chester County, New York, and at the Union Course, L. I., two seasons, and has proved himself a sure and good foal-getter. I consider him the best stallion introduced to the State of New York, since the importation of Messenger in 1791, he having got more runners in proportion to the number of thoroughbred mares which he has covered, than any other stallion which has come under my observation. JAMES BATHGATE.

With the foregoing full and correct documents, I now offer the services of this valuable horse to the breeders of Kentucky and Western States generally, and respectfully request them to call and view him, and solicit their patronage.

Louisville, Kentucky, February, 1837. [mh 11.] LEWIS SHERLEY.

ROWTON.

THIS beautiful Stallion and celebrated Racer will make his second season in America, under the direction of Mr. P. H. Gerow, at W. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, and be let to mares at $75 the season, $120 to insure, and one dollar to the groom; the money to be paid in advance, or before the mares are taken away.

The season will commence on the first of February, and end the first of July. Extensive rye and grass pastures provided for mares, and separate lots for such as may have young foals, and mares well fed at 50 cents per day. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occ

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - Lafayette Co., Match, $5000 a-side, *Gerow* vs. *Charlotte Barnes*, Dec. 4.
" " Jockey Club, Lafayette Course, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
BELLEFONTE, Va. - - Nottoway County, Spring meeting, 1st Wednesday, 7th June.
GREENSBURGH, Ky. - Match, 2 m. h., $1000 a-side, *Ben Duncan* vs. *Robt. Burns*, 12th Oct.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - - Match, —heats, $5,000aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
NORFOLK, Va. - - - - Norfolk and Portsmouth J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th June.
RUSSELLVILLE, Ky. - Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - Second Spring meeting, Eagle Course, 1st Tuesday previous to Fall meeting
VICKSBURG, Miss. - - Match, —— heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" " Match, $5000 aside, 1 mile out, *D. Hardeman*, vs. *Bob Collins*, 20th Nov.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of [illegible] and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their [illegible]ive meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

STALLIONS FOR 1837.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, will make his next season at Newmarket, Va., one mile from Petersburg. Terms in a few days. [m4

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard, will stand at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky. at $75, and $1 to the groom. Address Lewis Sherley & Co. [m4

BUSIRIS, by Eclipse, d. Gr. Duchess, out of Imp. Duchess by Gracchus—at J. Elliott's stable, 2 m. w. of Schuylkill Permanent bridge—$40 for thoroughbred—$20 for cold blooded m's.

BERNER'S COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, will stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $80 and $100. [F4

CHATEAU MARGAUX, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Wasp, by Gohanna, will stand at the stable of Geo. Givhan, Haynesville, Lowndes Co., Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia, will stand at "the Reeds," Caroline Co. Va, the stable of Robt. P. Corbin, at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom. [J28

COLLINGWOOD, by Ratler, dam by Trafalgar, will stand at Batesville, Ark., at $25 and $40. [F4] C. F. M. NOLAND.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $60 cash, $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure. [F11

DAGHEE, *Imported*, by Muley, out of Fatima, by Arabian Sheik, will stand at the stable of Jeromus Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I., at $40—$60—$1 to the groom. [m11

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of Hector Bell, near Winchester, Va., the stand of the late *Industry*. Particulars hereafter. [F11

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline, by Tramp, will stand at James Jackson's stable, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J. 21

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose, by Pacolet, will stand at the stable of Glascock & Lacy, at the Hampton Course, Augusta, Ga., at $100 the season. [m4

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, will stand at the stable of Colonel George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $50, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

MARGRAVE, *Imported*, (dark ch. foaled in 1829) by Muley, dam by Election, will stand at the stable of Thomas Alderson, Nashville, Tenn. Terms, 75 and $100. [J 21

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by American Eclipse, out of Old Honesty, by Imp. Expedition—at Joseph H. Van Mater's stable, Monmouth Co., N. J., at $40 to insure [A8.

RODOLPH, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Moses, will stand at the stable of Col. Osmun Claiborne, at Natchez, Miss. He is limited to 30 mares. [m25.]

ROBIN HOOD, by Henry, dam by Hickory, will stand at Col. John CROWELL's stable, at Fort Mitchell, Ala, at $50 the season and $75 to insure. [m4

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katherina, by Woful, will stand at the stable of Col. Wade Hampton, at his Woodlands estate, near Columbia, S. C., at $75 and $120. [J 21

SHARK, by Am. Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of John C. Goode, near Taylor's Ferry, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75. [J 21

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Race Course, L. I., at $60, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at the stable of P. E. Todhunter, near Lexington, Ky., at $100. First rate *blue grass* pasturage gratis. [J 28

VALENTINE, *Imported*, by Magistrate, out of Miss Forester, by Diamond, will stand at the stable of the late Bela Badger, Bristol, Bucks Co., 19 miles fm. Phila. at $50—$75. [m11

VOLCANO, by Stockholder, dam Forest Maid, by Ratray, will stand at Sulphur Rock and Batesville, Ark., the next season, at $25 and $40. [F4] T. T. TUNSTALL.

WATERLOO, by Eclipse, out of Miss Waterloo, by Hickory, will stand at New Liberty, Owen Co., Ky., at $25; a class of 5 mares at $100. [F18.

ZOHRAB, b. h. by Imp. Arab. Bagdad, dam by Imp. Boaster—owner, F. H. DAVIS, Esq.—will stand at Plaquemine, La., at $20. [m11

☞ *Advertisements like the above will be inserted during the season for* $3.

Camden and Philadelphia Races—Last Day.

In our last we merely gave the result of the race on the Four mile day, as received from passengers who reached town on Saturday morning from Philadelphia. We are now enabled to add several particulars.

FRIDAY, May 26.—Jockey Club Purse $1000, free for all ages; Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Lady Cliffden*, (pedigree before)	4 yrs. 101lbs.	1	2	1
Col. John Heth's ch. c. *Decatur*,	" "	4 yrs. 104lbs.	3	1	2
Gen. C. Irvine's b. h. *Mingo*,	" "	6 yrs. 121lbs.	2	dis

Time, 9:05—9:07—9:17. Track knee deep.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Daily Chronicle thus describes the race:—

The heat was beautifully contested by Mingo—Decatur running merely to save his distance. The little filly stumbled two or three times, so deep and *stiff* was the mud on the back side of the track, and lost much ground in consequence, and Mingo would give her the "go-by," but whenever John, her jockey, touched her with the spur, she would rush up and pass. This I think occurred three times. When she came down the quarter stretch a-head, and passed the stand the winner of the heat, the shouts were deafening.

The second heat was won by Decatur, after a severe struggle with Lady Cliffden, by a few lengths—Mingo gave out after the third mile and was stopped.

The third heat Lady Cliffden took the lead, and despite every effort of Decatur, kept it the whole four miles, coming in at her ease two lengths a-head.—The style in which she won this heat was beautiful, and confirmed the opinion expressed by the best judges among our turfites, that she has no equal now in the United States.

Bets at starting were $500 to $100, Mingo, vs. field; offered and taken;—$1000 to $500, Mingo, vs. either Decatur or the Lady; and about even between Decatur and Lady Cliffden. It was a great betting race, and large sums changed hands. After the first heat there were still bets that the mare would not win, and after the 2d heat, when Mingo was out, and Decatur it was known had run but little in the first heat, the bets were $1000 to $100 that Decatur would win—and strange as it may appear, those kinds of bets were numerously made. Almost every body was of the opinion that the little mare was too weak to go through the mud and slush 4 miles more—yet the long odds induced some to take it. Old Napoleon himself went it once, $100 to $1000—and, of course, pocketed the cash.

It would have done you Marylanders good to have heard the Virginia boys, who backed the filly, cry out for the Eastern Shore poney—the welkin rang. I assure you, it was a beautiful race, and although the time seems *slow*, it was *fast*, considering the state of the weather.

The Course and stands were crowded to excess, and the excitement among all parties equal to that which preceded the race between Bascombe and Post Boy. The weather and roads were very unfavorable or the number of spectators would have been doubled.

A race over a track deep as that of the Camden Course, on this day, is no test of the powers of a race horse. An ordinary English hunter, or cocktail steeple-chaser, could have made quite as good time, and old *Henry Archy*, had he been entered to-day, would have stood a mighty good chance of taking the money.—No doubt each entry could have beaten him handily on a track in tolerable condition, but on one where he would occasionally sink half-way up to his hocks, the old fellow would have dug his way through the third heat, under the nine minutes, with 126 lbs. on his back. There is no occasion upon which skill in field management is more requisite than when the track is excessively deep.—The utmost nicety of judgment as to pace, to second the views of the manager of the horse, must also be possessed by the jockey, or the experience and best concerted plans of the former are utterly thwarted. A striking illustration of this fact was afforded by this race. Decatur made no effort for the first heat, and accordingly won the second so easily that 10 to 1 was offered on him. In the third he was overmarked, by being pressed nearly thirty yards ahead of Lady Cliffden, who ran up to him on the last mile, cut him down in a canter, and won easily. Had *she* been run from the score the third heat, the probability is, that at the end of two or three miles she would have been so completely blown that Decatur would have won an easy victory. Mingo and Lady Cliffden were nearly done up by the severity of the pace, the first heat; but the mare being in fine health and condition recovered so much from not making a stroke for the second heat as to come again the third. Indeed, she had won the race when the crowd supposed her chance was out. Mingo was not the same horse at Camden he was at the First Spring Meeting on Long Island. His coat looked dead and set when stripped, and there was none of that animation in his action and appearance that denote condition, or severe work. At least, so we are assured by gentlemen who saw him make both races, if the scrabble through mud and mire, at Camden, may be termed a race. He appeared to have had little or no exercise since he left the Island, and those who are acquainted with his habits, are aware that he requires constant and severe exercise. Lady Cliffden was admirably managed, of course, and we are glad that while on the turf she is to remain in such good hands.

A well informed Philadelphia correspondent has written us in relation to Mingo, to the following effect:—

PHILADELPHIA, May 28th, 1837.

DEAR SIR—I did not see you at the Course on Friday last—Four Mile Day.—You need not regret your absence, as little pleasure could have been derived from witnessing the race by those who had any bowels for the noble animal, as the apprehension of accidents occurring must have been constantly present with those who had. You know that the track was very wet and deep the third, or Three mile day; it was much worse on the fourth day, yet not worse, if so bad, as the Central Course was last Fall.

Lady Cliffden won the first and third heats, *Decatur* won the second. The first heat was closely contested by Lady C. and *Mingo*. The latter was too high, and otherwise entirely out of fix—could not run a yard, wheezed and choked, his tongue lolling and flapping about several inches below his lips, and I thought he would come to a stand still, which probably would have happened if he had not been taken off in the third mile of the second heat, which ought to have been done the first; nay, he ought not to have been started for the second heat at all, as it was clear that he did not and could not run in the first, and would certainly be distanced in the second heat if started. It was remarked by Col. J. that his movement was of the *leaden character*—that he was so great a pet with his trainer, that he feared to expose him to the rain and mud, and did not work him sufficiently. He is a great feeder, and requires constant and hard work up to the time of his running or he will acquire buff and fat very rapidly—his exercise must not be relaxed, even for a day, and this is particularly the case immediately before a race, and the difference in weight, in such heavy mud, 121 lbs. to 101 and 101, told somewhat. The difference in the condition of the nags told more. The fact is that *Mingo* was in bad plight, and I am surprised that he was permitted to start in the race. The *risque* was great, and there was nothing to be gained, for in the plight the horse exhibited, when stripped, it was evident to a common observer that he could not win unless an accident should happen to both his antagonists. The time of each heat was miserable.

"*Samivel Veller*" is in a fair way of being immortalized, S. BRADHURST, Esq., of Long Island having bespoken that name for the produce of Itasca and Trustee.

Betting.—We are informed by the Columbus (Geo.) Herald, that the sum of $2500 has been staked upon a piece of vesting in that city. It appears that the "right and wrong" side of the cloth resembled each other so nearly, that discussion arose on the subject, which resulted in this heavy wager. The decision is to be given by the manufacturers in Europe.

Charles Haynes bit off the ear of James Shaw, in the city of Gotham, the other day. A cockney said it was the most brutal act he ever *cared* of.

TRENTON RACES,

THE SECOND SPRING MEETING will commence on the First Tuesday 6th of June, 1837.

First Day, at 1 o'clock—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, of the get of Busiris, Mile heats, sub. $400, p.p, 4 subs, viz.:

S. Laird, | S. Leiper, | J. Cochran, | Mr. Hinson.

Same Day—Second Race.—Sweepstakes for all 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, p.p., to close on Monday, 5th June.

Second Day, at 1 o'clock—A Purse of $200, Two mile heats.

Third Day, at 1 o'clock—A Purse of $400, Three mile heats.

Immediately after, a Post Stake for 4 year olds, Two mile heats, sub. $200 each, p.p.; to close on Monday, 5th June.

Fourth Day, at 1 o'clock—Citizens Purse $700, Four mile heats, ent. $25.

Immediately after, a Purse of $100, Mile heats.

Trotting.

On Wednesday, immediately after the races, a Purse of $200, Two mile heats, in Harness.

On Thursday, immediately after the races, a Purse of $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the Saddle, free for green horses that never won a Match, Purse, or Sweepstakes to that amount.

On Friday, immediately after the races, a Purse of $200, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Each of the trotting purses to be governed by the Rules of the Hunting Park Trotting Course, excluding winning horses from starting for a second purse.

Entries for the purses must be made on the day previous to each race or trot, by 3 o'clock P.M., giving the name and age of the horse, and the dress of the rider.

The results will be published in the United States Gazette (Philadelphia), Pennsylvanian, and Public Ledger, on the morning after each race, and may be seen at the Tontine House, and at Head Quarters on the evening of the race.

During the races, an extra line of cars will leave the Philadelphia Rail Road Depot at half-past 9 A. M., and land passengers at the Eagle Hotel in time for the races. Returning, they will leave the Eagle Hotel at half-past 5 P.M.

Trenton, N. J., May 27, 1837. [J3-1t.] O. BAILEY, *Secretary*.

A CARD.

MESSRS. SCOTT & THORNE, proprietor of the new Cincinnati, Vicksburg, and other Western and Southern Theatres, are making arrangements for the opening of the former establishment on the first of July next.

Communications addressed to Mr. Jas. Thorne, at his residence, No. 8 Bedford-street, near Bleecker, will be punctually attended to.

Mr. Thorne may be found at the City Hotel from 12 till 1 o'clock each day during his stay in New York. [J3]

AMERICAN THEATRE--Bowery.

A CARD.—Mr. GEORGE JONES has the honor most respectfully to inform the public, that his Benefit will take place on Wednesday, June 7th, upon which occasion will be presented (first time in this theatre) Shakspeare's historical tragedy of

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Marcus Brutus (first time)..... Mr. George Jones.
Marc Antony..... Mr. J. R. Scott.
(who has kindly volunteered.)
Cassius..... Mr. ——.

To conclude with the Grecian Drama of the

EVIL EYE,

which will be revived for the occasion.

Demetri (as originally performed by him)..... Mr. George Jones.

The Box Book is now open. [J3-1t]

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE—JUNE, 1837.

CONTENTS—*Original Papers.*—The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; Sunrise and Sunset; Leaves from a Lady's Journal, No. 5; Rose to the Dead; Von Jung, the Mystific; The Betrayed; A Legend of Charlemague; Schiller's Wilhelm Tell; A Death Scene; The Totem; Vanderlyn.

Critical Notices.—Lockhart's Life of Scott; An Address on Temperance; The Life of Oliver Goldsmith.

Monthly Commentary.—Philadelphia; Seventh Annual Report of the American Lyceum.

This day published by Geo. Dearborn & Co. 38 Gold-st.

New York, June 1, 1837. [J3]

HUNTING PARK, PHILADELPHIA COUNTY.

THE following Sweepstakes and Purses are to come off over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia:

Tuesday, June 13th, at 12 o'clock—A Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, in Harness, free for all trotting horses, sub. $100, with $100 added; 3 or more to make a trot.

Same Day—Purse $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the Saddle; free for all trotting horses.

Wednesday, June 14, at 12 o'clock—A Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, under the Saddle, sub. $100 each, and $100 added; 3 or more to make a trot.

Same Day—Purse $100, Two mile heats, under the Saddle, free for all horses that never won a purse of that amount.

All entries to be made the day previous to the trot, at the Proprietor's house, enclosed according to re gning rules.

A great number of horses are expected from New York and other places.

[J3-2t] JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL,

[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Betsey Ransom, 4 yrs. old this Spring, of fine form, great substance, and good action. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A22]

FOR SALE.

TWO THOROUGHBRED FILLIES, 4 years old this Spring. They are only halter broke, never having been backed.

No. 1. A brown filly, of fine size, with plenty of bone and sinew, and in good form. She was got by Eagle, her dam Lady Mar, (the dam of the honest running horse Lara), grandam by Imp. Citizen, g. grandam by Quicksilver, (he by old Medley, out of a Wildair,) g. g. gran dam by Selim, g. g. g. grandam by Fearnought. Price $500.

No. 2. A Chesnut filly, by Eagle, her dam by Thornton's Rattler, grandam by Escape, her g. grandam Young Adeline, by Topgallant; her dam (Col. Tayloe's celebrated running mare Adeline) by Imp. Spread Eagle; her dam by Whistle Jacket; her dam by Old Rockingham; her dam by Old Cub; her dam the famous Lady Northumberland. Escape was by Col. Hoome's imported horse Horns (he by Precipitate) his dam by Imp. Bedford, his grandam Gasteria (full sister to Gas, imported by Col. Hoomes,) was by Balloon, he by old Highflyer. This filly is not tall, but is strong, and in fine running form. Price $500.

Eagle, the sire of these fillies, was bred by the late Stephen Hunt, of New Jersey. Eagle was got by old Sir Solomon, his dam by Imp. Honest John, (he by Sir Peter Teazle), grandam Zelipha, by old Messenger, then tracing up to the same ancestry with Rattler, Sumpter, Flirtilla, &c. In consequence of the death of Mr. Hunt, Eagle was not trained. He was full brother to the celebrated running mare Roxana.

If the above described fillies are not sold previous to the first meeting at the Philadelphia and Camden Race Course, (last week in May,) they can be seen there.

For further information, apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway, New York, or to Gen. C. IRVINE, the breeder of them, at Philadelphia.

May 1, 1837. [m6]

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

DENTISTRY.

I HAVE returned from a protracted sea voyage excursion to the West Indies, and am now prepared to see my patrons and friends at my residence, corner of Broadway and Chambers street. [A22] JOHN BURDELL.

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

WE agree to run a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, over the Lafayette Course, Two mile heats, to come off the first week in December, 1837, as changed from the first week in January, 1838, by the Convention held in Charleston in February last, which changed the time of the annual races over the Lafayette Course, from the first week in Jan. 1838, to the first week in December, 1837. Named and closed 1st March, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. John Crowell names br. f. by Stockholder, out of the dam of Bolivia.
2. Col. Wade Hampton names imp. b. f. by Emilius, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow.
3. Capt. James J. Harrison names full sister to Kite.
4. Messrs. Townes & Smith names ch. c. by Bertrand, jr., out of Mary Frances.
5. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough, dam Becca, by Marquis.
6. Lewis Lovell names ch. c. John Guedron, by Bertrand, dam Pacussia.

THE following is a Stake, closed for December, 1838; $200 entrance, half forfeit.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. Hampton names imp. b. f. Ella, by Emilius, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
2. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names Imp. ch. f. by Priam, out of Delpaine, by Whiskey.
3. G. Edmonson names ch. c. by Leviathan, dam by Gallatin.
4. John Morrison & Co. names ch. c. Highland Henry, by Henry, dam Highland Mary.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for 1839, sub. $500, h. ft. To name and close before the first day of October, 1837, to which there are *six* subscribers, 3 or more to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton. | Robert D. Glover.
Col. Joseph H. Townes. | G. Edmonson
Col. John Crowell. | John Morrison.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1600, ft. $250. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—

Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmonson.

Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses.—

Four mile heats $3400, $500 to the second best horse.

Three mile heats $2000, $100 to the second best horse.

Two mile heats $1500, $300 to the second best horse.

Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—5 year olds and under, their appropriate weight; 6 yr. olds and over, 10 lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5. Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer.*

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.

A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $5000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.

Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.

A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.

Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address

New Orleans, May 1, 1837. Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans. [m13]

IMPORTED TRUSTEE FOR SALE.

THIS universally acknowledged fine horse is now for sale, and will be delivered on the 15th of July, when his season expires. Trustee is a short legged horse, of great power and fine form, and his late owner, Capt. Stockton, being determined to know whether he was a four mile horse, (having put all his fine mares to him,) gave him a trial last autumn, and although lame and in no condition, Trustee ran his four miles in eight minutes with his shoes on; thus proving himself to be a horse both of speed and bottom. Trustee covered a few mares last season besides his owner's, and his colts show great form, bone and blood. Trustee can be seen at the Union Course, Long Island.

April 22, 1837. [A29) W. LIVINGSTON.

A STABLE OF HORSES IN TRAINING FOR SALE.

EXPECTING to be obliged to go to Europe early in the next month on business, I would be glad to sell three valuable horses, now in training, and at this time very promising. They consist of Lady Cliffden, who won all her races of the last year at 3 years old. Another fine 2 year old colt by Sussex, and a very fine 3 year old out of Grecian Princess, by Maryland Eclipse, (one of the best sons of old Eclipse), and in the great Dersey Stakes at the Central Course.

These horses will be sold at fair prices for stock of their acknowledged value, and time would be given on a portion of their purchase, if well secured and desired. A careful and experienced trainer might also be obtained with the horses, if a sufficient inducement be held out to him. I would also sell Grecian Princess, with a Tranby colt by her side, for $2500, or Betsey Wilson, also with a Tranby colt for the same price. Application must be made early if a purchase is to be effected.

THOS. EMORY, Eastern Shore of Maryland.

P.S. For the pedigrees of my Stock *in extenso*, see the 6th vol. Turf Register, page 423. [A15] T. E.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

THOMAS PEARSALL, of Montrose, Hempstead Harbor, Queen's County, Long Island, offers for sale his entire stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

No. 1.—*Sportsmistress*, gr. m., bred by Gen. Coles, of Dosoris, L. I., foaled 1818, got by Old Hickory, by Imp. Whip her dam Miller's Damsel, (by Imp. Messenger,) the dam of American Eclipse, &c.

No. 2.—*Gulnare*, gr. m., bred by Gen. Coles, foaled 1824, by Duroc, sire of Am. Eclipse; dam Sportsmistress.

No. 3.—*The Jewess*, gr. m., foaled 1831, by Henry, dam Gulnare.

Stallions.

No. 4.—*Talma*, gr. h. 16 hands high, foaled 1827, by Henry, dam Sportsmistress, which makes him full brother to Alice Grey, who beat, with all ease, Black Maria, over the Union Course, in 7:36—7:50. She was the best get of Henry.

No. 5.—*Bravo*, b. h., 16 hands high, foaled 1829, by Henry, dam Gulnare, by Duroc.

In Training

No. 6.—G. c., 16 hands high, foaled 1833, got by Henry, out of Sportsmistress. He is a full brother to Alice Grey, and promises to make a race horse.

No. 7.—Ch. c., 15¼ hands high, foaled 1833, bred by John N. Lloyd, Esq., of Lloyd's Neck, L. I., (the breeder of Post Boy, Tarquin, and Robin Hood,) was got by Talma, out of Dove, by Duroc. She is full sister to Cock of the Rock, and Young Romp; he is very promising.

No. 8.—G. c., foaled 1834, got by the race horse Flying Childers, he by Sir Archie, out of Gulnare, by Duroc. This colt is engaged in a stake over the Union Course, First Spring meeting, 18 subs., and First Fall meeting, 11 subs.

No. 9.—Ch. c., foaled 1836, by Gohanna, out of Gulnare. He is engaged in a stake to be run over the Kendall Course, Spring of 1839. $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit.

If the above horses are not sold at private sale, they will be sold at auction, during the last Spring meeting at the Union Course, L. I., of which due notice will be given. For information, apply to John Watson, Tattersalls, N. Y., or the subscriber. T. PEARSALL.

TALMA, by Sidney, dam Sportsmistress, will stand at Montrose, Hempstead Harbor, at $25 the season, at the stable of THOS. PEARSALL.

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE.

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

NO. 1. *Lady Tomkins*, a chesnut, bred by Samuel Purdy, of New York, and foaled in 1831. She was got by American Eclipse, out of Katy Ann, bred by James Bathgate, Esq. of West Farms, Westchester Co., N. Y. She was got by Ogle's Oscar, (son of Imp. Gabriel and Vixen, by Imp. Medley) out of Young Maid of the Oaks (the dam of Medoc), by Imp. Expedition, grandam Old Maid of the Oaks, by Imp. Spread Eagle, &c. &c.

She is therefore the same blood as Medoc, with the addition of an intervening cross through her dam of Ogle's Oscar, from whom she obtains a dip of the blood of Imp. Gabriel and Old Imp. Medley. Not put in 1836. Stinted to Imp. Tranby, and now with him at Lexington, Ky.

No. 2. *Maid of Miami*, ch. f., foaled in 1834, by Orphan Boy, (son of Eclipse and Old Maid of the Oaks), out of Katy Ann above, large and of great substance.

No. 3. *Fleur-de-Lis*, br. f., foaled in 1835, got by Imp. Valentine, out of Katy Ann, is of one color, and in high racing form—fine size.

No. 4. *Orville*, ch. c. foaled in 1836, by Imp. Daghee, dam Lady Tomkins, (No. 1)—large and fine.

Apply to LEWIS BEACH, merchant, New York, or M. FEACH, Lebanon, Ohio, (where the stock may be seen) and every further information given that may be required.

Lebanon, Ohio, March 17, 1837. [A29-tf.]

THE NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB RACES, Spring, 1837, will commence on Tuesday, 6th June, and continue four days. Particulars given hereafter. [F11-6t] JAS. S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

VETERINARY SURGEONS.

TO THE OWNERS OF HORSES, COWS, AND DOGS.—Carter & Mills, Veterinary Surgeons, respectfully inform the public, that, having taken the Stables and Yard in Broadway, opposite Waverley Place, they intend carrying on the veterinary business in all its branches, and they hope that attention and moderate charges will entitle them to a share of patronage and support.

Sick or lame horses received at the stables at $6 per week, including medicine, attendance and keep.

Horses and Cows attended in town or country at equally moderate rates.

Medicine for every disease the horse, dog, or cow is liable to, prepared and sold at the Infirmary, and advice gratis.

☞ Horses bought or sold on Commission.

☞ Horses examined, and opinion given as to soundness. [m13]

REMOVAL.

P. C. STRYKER most respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has removed over the way, to that large and commodious brick house lately occupied by Mr. S. B. Campion. He hopes to merit the patronage of his old friends and as many new ones as he can get.

Mount Holly, N. J., March 27, 1837 [A1.]

Small and very fine bred White Terriers.

FOR SALE, a Dog and Slut, about six months old, very small and very handsome, supposed to be the handsomest and best bred ones in the United States. See last June number of the New York Sporting Magazine. Apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A29]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

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WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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